

The Enterprise.

VOL. 11.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1905.

NO. 3.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
6:02 A. M. Daily.	
7:10 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.	
9:39 A. M. Daily.	
12:30 P. M. Daily.	
5:03 P. M. Daily.	
6:54 P. M. Daily.	
9:12 P. M. Daily.	
SOUTH.	
6:45 A. M. Daily.	
7:53 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.	
12:03 P. M. Daily.	
4:05 P. M. Daily.	
7:03 P. M. Daily.	
8:53 P. M. Daily.	
12:01 A. M. Daily. (Theatre train.)	

TIME TABLE

South San Francisco R. R. & Power Co.

Leave Holy Cross	Leave Packing House
5:18 a. m.	5:37 a. m.
6:00 " "	6:30 " "
Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m.	Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m.
4:30 " "	4:50 " "
5:10 " "	5:35 " "
5:55 " "	6:14 " "
6:30 " "	7:00 " "
7:10 " "	7:50 " "
8:30 " "	9:00 " "
9:30 " "	10:00 " "
10:30 " "	11:00 " "
11:30 " "	11:58 " "
12:15 a. m.	12:35 a. m.

Cars pass Post Office every thirty minutes, 18 minutes before and 12 minutes after the even hours, from 5:42 a. m. to 4:32 p. m. The last "suburban car," leaving Fifth and Market Sts., S. F., at 11:30 p. m., connects at Holy Cross at 12:15 a. m. with last car for South San Francisco.

UNITED RAILROADS OF SAN FRANCISCO

TIME TABLE OF SAN MATEO SUBURBAN LINE

From San Mateo	From 5th & Market Sts., S. F.
WEEK-DAYS	WEEK-DAYS
5:30 a. m. to 8:00 p. m. every 30 minutes	6:00 a. m. to 7:30 p. m. every 30 minutes
8:00 p. m. to 12:30 p. m. every 60 minutes	7:30 p. m. to 11:30 p. m. every 60 minutes
SATURDAYS	SATURDAYS
5:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. every 30 minutes	6:00 a. m. to 11:30 a. m. every 30 minutes
12:30 p. m. to 7:30 p. m. every 20 minutes	11:30 a. m. to 6:30 p. m. every 20 minutes
7:30 p. m. to 12:30 p. m. every 30 minutes	6:30 p. m. to 11:30 p. m. every 30 minutes
SUNDAYS	SUNDAYS
First car 7:00 a. m. Last car 12:30 p. m.	First car 7:00 a. m. Last car 11:30 p. m.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.	A. M.	P. M.
From the North.	6:45	12:03
" " South.	4:35	12:39

MAIL CLOSURES.	A. M.	P. M.
North.	6:55	12:09
South.	6:15	5:24
" "	11:35	

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

Methodist Church. Meetings, Butchers' Hall. Sunday Services—Sunday School, 3 p. m.; Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.; Preaching, 7:30 p. m.

The pastor, Rev. W. de L. Kingsbury will be in town Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1:30 to 5 p. m. Any who may know of sick or distressed neighbors, will please leave word at the residences of Mr. Coombes, Mrs. Du Bois or Mrs. Sullivan.

Catholic Church Services will be held every Sunday at 8:30 o'clock a. m. at the Catholic Church.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	Hon. G. H. Buck.	Redwood City
TREASURER	P. P. Chamberlain.	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	C. L. McCracken.	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	J. J. Bullock.	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	C. D. Hayward.	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK	H. W. Schaberg.	Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER	John F. Johnston.	Redwood City
SHERIFF	J. H. Mansfield.	Redwood City
AUDITOR	Geo. Barker.	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	Miss Edna M. Tilton.	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	As. Crowe.	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	W. B. Gilbert.	Redwood City

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ISSUES THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

Says the People Should Show Gratitude for Existing Prosperity.

Washington.—The President has issued the following proclamation, naming Thursday, November 30th, next as a day for thanksgiving:

"By the President of the United States of America, a proclamation:

"When, nearly three centuries ago, the first settlers came to the country which has now become this great Republic, they faced not only hardship and privation but terrible risk to their lives. In those grim years the custom grew of setting apart one day in each year for a special service of thanksgiving to the Almighty for preserving the people through the changing seasons. The custom has now become national and hallowed by immemorial usage. We live in easier and more plentiful times than our forefathers, the men who, with rugged strength, faced the rugged days; and yet the dangers to national life are quite as great now as at any previous time in our history. It is eminently fitting that once a year our people should set apart a day for praise and thanksgiving to the giver of good, and, at the same time, that they express their thankfulness for the abundant mercies received, should manfully acknowledge their shortcomings and pledge themselves solemnly and in good faith to strive to overcome them. During the past year we have been blessed with bountiful crops. Our business prosperity has been great. No other people has ever stood on as high a level of material well-being as ours now stands. We are not threatened by foes from without. The foes from whom we should pray to be delivered are our passions, appetites and follies, and against these there is always need that we should war.

"Therefore, I now set apart Thursday, the 30th day of this November, as a day of thanksgiving for the past and of prayer for the future, and on that day I ask that throughout the Nation the people gather in their homes and places of worship, and, in rendering thanks unto the Most High for the manifold blessings of the past year, consecrate themselves to a life of cleanliness, honor and wisdom, so that this Nation may do its allotted work on earth in a manner worthy of those who founded it and of those who preserved it.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done at the city of Washington, this 24 day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and five, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and thirtieth.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"By the President,

"ELIHU ROOT, Secretary of State."

Must Stand by Engagement.

Seattle.—Miss Rosena Grover won a material advantage in the trial of her suit to force Mayor Zook of Ballard to pay her \$25,000 for breach of promise by the ruling of the Court Saturday. Judge Albertson stated that he would be forced to instruct the jury that if Mayor Zook made a promise to marry the girl with full knowledge that she had pulmonary tuberculosis, and that with this knowledge in his possession he had continued to court her and persuaded her to promise to marry him and had held her out to the community as his intended wife, the girl was entitled to recover damages.

Cigarette Smoking Proves Dangerous.

Ukiah.—Alex Powell of Fort Bragg demonstrated beyond possible doubt that cigarette smoking is dangerous to say the least. Powell had injured his hand and wrapped the injured member in cloth and poured turpentine on it. He then started out to find a physician. On the way he decided to smoke. While lighting a cigarette he ignited the bandage. In trying to tear the burning cloth off he was badly burned and the flesh on the bandaged hand was scorched to a crisp. He is now resting in the Fort Bragg Hospital as the result.

Shipment of First Oranges.

Los Angeles.—Orange county Saturday made the first shipment of this season's oranges from Southern California. The shipment was composed of two cars of well-colored, good-sized navels, and was consigned to the Eastern markets for the Thanksgiving trade. The shipment is several days in advance of the first shipment last season.

SHORT NEWS ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE

Interesting and Important Occurrences of the Past Week Tersely Related in Condensed Paragraphs

Current Events Briefly Reviewed in Numerous Dispatches From Correspondents in Every Corner of the World.

Seven persons were killed in a wreck on the Rock Island at Casey, Iowa.

Cholera has broken out at Lodz, Poland. A number of cases are reported in the most populous section of the town.

General Tcheretkoff, an aid de camp of Emperor Nicholas and formerly Governor-General of Warsaw, died suddenly at Paris.

The Navy Department of Japan announces that the Russian torpedo boat Vzdnik, which was sunk in Port Arthur harbor, has been raised.

The net earnings of the Steel Trust for the quarter ended September 30th were \$31,240,582, an increase of \$12,466,650, as compared with the same quarter last year.

The Swedish steamer Johann and the Russian bark Antares both foundered recently in the North sea after a collision. Twenty-six men of the two crews were drowned.

Charles H. Darling retired last week from the office of Assistant Secretary of the Navy, which post he had held since December 16, 1901. He was succeeded by Truman H. Newberry of Detroit.

An expedition to the North Pole under the patronage of the Belgian Government is about to be organized. The expenses, estimated at \$2,000,000, will be defrayed by a national lottery on an extensive scale.

Christopher Robinson, Canada's great constitutional lawyer, died last week of pneumonia. In the Behring sea arbitration it was said that it was his presentation of the case that brought a Canadian victory.

Mayor Jones of Minneapolis has announced that in future all the saloons and hotel bars must be closed on Sunday. They have not closed for years and the announcement causes the greatest consternation in the liquor trade.

Alexander C. Botkin, chairman of the commission to revise the criminal laws under the Department of Justice, is dead at Washington. Mr. Botkin was a native of Wisconsin and at one time served as the Governor of Montana.

The old union ag was struck throughout Sweden last week and the new flag hoisted, to the accompaniment of salutes, the ringing of church bells and parade of troops. In Stockholm the whole garrison paraded, and most of the population thronged the streets.

A collision occurred between canal work trains near Bas Obispo, Panama, in which many cars were wrecked. Conductor Dunlap, an American, was killed, the engineer, a fireman and several others badly injured. The collision took place on the main line of the Panama Railroad.

Secretary Hitchcock has ordered the dismissal from the service of four clerks in the Pension Bureau, accused of loaning money at usurious rates of interest. The clerks who lose their places are George H. Getz, George S. Livingston, Joshua R. Hayes and George R. Marble.

Fleming D. Cheshire, who was some time ago appointed Consul-General to Mukden, has received his exequatur from the Chinese Government and will at once proceed to Mukden. His official recognition by the Chinese Government is regarded as important, as it opens up Manchuria for the first time to American trade.

Fire practically wiped out the little oil town of Pine Grove in Wetzel county, West Virginia. Starting with a natural gas explosion in the Pine Grove Hotel, it swept everything before it for several hours and the entire business portion of the town is in ashes. Dynamite was finally used to stop the flames. The loss is estimated at \$125,000.

The tug Fearless, belonging to the Spreckels Tugboat Company, has filed a salvage claim of \$20,000 against the French ship Ernest Reyer, which was recently pulled off the reef near Diamond Head, at the entrance to Honolulu harbor.

JAPANESE IMMIGRATION MORE DANGEROUS THAN CHINESE

H. L. Lane of Cleveland Sounds Warning Note Against Yellow Peril.

Tacoma, Wash.—H. L. Lane of Cleveland, a writer of reputation, has been on the Coast for several months studying the Oriental immigration question. He is a confirmed believer in the yellow peril, and says:

"After gathering voluminous statistics throughout the West, I think I am justified in stating that I believe the dangers of Japanese immigration are equal, if not in excess of the peril from incoming hordes of Chinese. Japanese employment agencies give employment to not less than 600 Japanese every month. Of course the number securing employment is much larger than this.

"Railroad and mining companies are seizing upon these newcomers with remarkable avidity, and abled-bodied white laborers give place to the yellow man. In Oregon alone there are 3000 Japanese employed on railroad work and in the mines. Japanese demand higher wages than Chinese, but work much cheaper than Americans. The most striking instance of white laborers being replaced by Japanese that I have found is on the Salt Lake, Los Angeles and San Pedro Railroad.

"Big movements of Japanese to America will follow the cessation of the war. The unanimous recommendations of immigration officers and men of affairs who have an acquaintance with the importance of the question are that when exclusion is made more rigid Japanese should be placed under the same ban."

Call Bond Election.

Suisun.—The Solano County Board of Supervisors at its regular meeting here issued a call for a special election to be held on December 12th to vote upon the proposition of issuing bonds in the sum of \$250,000 to build a new courthouse and jail.

Another Victim of Football.

Alton, Ill.—James Squires, aged 18 years, a member of the Alton High School football team, died from injuries received October 21st in a game.

Julu harbor. The Interisland Steamship Company claims the same amount and the steamer Lehua will also have a salvage claim.

Having occasion to secure twenty-five additional officers for the Philippine constabulary, the places paying \$100 per annum to begin with, Captain McIntyre, acting chief of the insular bureau, invited 100 state military institutes and agricultural colleges to name candidates for the places among their graduates. Less than twenty applications were received.

Mayor McClellan of New York has approved the "public morality" ordinance passed by the Board of Aldermen which seeks to regulate bill posting and other advertising of a suggestive character. It says: "No person shall post any placard, poster, bill or picture of any show, exhibition, theatrical or other performance in or on any building or upon any public place in the city of New York which shall be of lewd, indecent, immoral, immodest, vulgar or suggestive character, calculated to debauch the public or shock the sense of decency or propriety."

Dr. John Holland of Honolulu has submitted to the Hilo Board of Trade samples of banana spirits, or alcohol, extracted from Hilo bananas. The sample furnished by Dr. Holland was 90 per cent of alcohol, which is the usual strength of commercial alcohol. In appearance it is as clear as crystal and has a faint aroma of the banana. It is shown that a sixty-pound bunch of bananas, when converted into alcohol, will make one gallon of proof spirits. The bananas used were the Chinese variety. The waste product, after distillation, forms an excellent feed for pigs.

Because the Pullman Car Company, a corporation of Illinois, with a capital stock of \$74,000,000, has not paid to the Treasurer of the State of Kansas a charter fee of \$14,800 for the permanent school fund, Attorney-General Coleman has brought quo warranto proceedings against the company, asking them by what authority they had a right to do business in the State. Mr. Coleman asked that the company be adjudged as having no right to do business in that State; that the defendant be ousted from the State. This is the second suit of this nature brought by Mr. Coleman. The first was brought against the Western Union Telegraph Company.

SAY LIBERTY WAS NOT FREELY GIVEN

St. Petersburg Newspapers Resume Publication and Express Little Gratitude for Manifesto of Czar

Demand Fulfillment of All the Promises Made to People and insist on the Prompt Removal of General Treppoff.

St. Petersburg.—The chorus of praise with which the newspapers, appearing for the first time in over a week, greet the new constitutional regime has some discordant notes, indicating distrust in the Government's sincerity, but all assume that this sounds the knell of autocratic power. There is universal rejoicing at the immense victory the people have won.

By agreement all the newspapers lead the columns with the announcement of the freedom of the press and they have banded themselves together to hereafter defy all arbitrary attempts at censorship. The issues of these papers show that they have thrown off all restraint. Their editorials manifest little spirit of gratitude to the Emperor, all taking the ground that the liberties wrested from the Government were not freely given.

A most urgent demand is made for the immediate removal of General Treppoff, which several of the papers print in black-face type. The Russ says:

"After a long battle the day of liberty is at hand and victory has been achieved. The people refused to live under the old regime and showed themselves heroic in the struggle for freedom and convinced the Government. Riots might be suppressed by troops, but before the entire people bayonets failed. Only a short distance now separates us from the final transformation into a nation ruled by law and it is no longer possible to stop the emancipation movement. Whatever now happens, political and civil liberty will be crowned. There are no longer subjects; there are citizens."

The Russ calls for the immediate abolition of the state of siege existing in so many cities of the empire, and for the repeal of all special legislation not in harmony with civil freedom.

The Novoe Vremya, basing its leader on the amnesty proclamation, says: "It is eminently fitting that the first words of a free press announce the pardon of political prisoners. Since 1825 there have been thousands of victims. Some of them may have been mistaken, but they loved their country. May God bless Russia in these first steps for the realization of liberty, and let all unite in the re-establishment of peace."

The Nasha Shishn says: "The manifesto is the last act of absolutism. The battle has been long, but has ended in a great victory. In yielding to the people, however, the autocracy has not restricted its power. The manifesto is only a promise, and we have not as yet guarantees that Treppoff and the state of siege will not continue. The manifesto is a promissory note, but the Russian people will see that it is collected."

Children Feed With the Pigs.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—During the examination of Ann Harding, wife of a Kalamazoo county farmer, for alleged insanity in the Probate Court here, testimony was given showing that for months three children of the couple have been forced by hunger to drink swill from the troughs with hogs. Harry Lancaster, a wealthy farmer, stated that he had passed the house many times and witnessed the small children eating corn they had taken from the swine. On one occasion, he saw one of the smaller children feeding with a number of little pigs on their mother. The condition of the home is wretched beyond description. Mrs. Harding was known to have worn the same dress for months at a time, without removing it day or night.

Pasture Fire in Solano.

Vallejo.—A pasture fire between Creston and American canyon, about five miles southeast of here, caused a damage of \$5000 Sunday. The ranches of Postmaster J. H. Luchsinger of this city, A. Skelly and Dos Reis were burned over. A number of buildings were endangered, but were saved. The fire was extinguished after a hard fight.

COUNTY GAME LAW.

The Dates on Which Game and Fish May Be Taken or Killed.

Following are the open Game seasons as issued by the San Mateo County Fish and Game Protective Association:

Cottontail or Bush Rabbits. July 1 to Feb. 1. Rail. October 15 to Nov. 16. Hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited.

Deer. August 1 to October 1. Trout. April 1 to November 1. Not more than 100 to be caught in one calendar day.

The killing of Tree or Pine Squirrels, the shooting of Song Birds or robbing their nests is prohibited. The seasons fixed by the State law for all other game apply to San Mateo County.

Violations of the game laws will be punished by fine or imprisonment. A reward of \$25 will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of offenders.

STATE GAME LAW.

The open season for shooting Valley or Mountain Quail, Partridge, Grouse, Sage Hen, or any kind of Wild Duck, or any Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover, or Deer, as fixed by the State law, is as follows:

Valley Quail, Partridge, Sage Hen, Wild Duck, Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover. October 15 to February 15. Mountain Quail and Grouse. Sept. 1 to Feb. 15. Doves. July 1 to Feb. 15. Tree Squirrel. Aug. 1 to Oct. 1. Male Deer. July 15 to Nov. 1. Pheasant and Meadow Lark, killing prohibited. Steelhead (in tide water) closed February 1 to April 1 and September 10 to October 16. Striped Bass. Three-pound limit. Black Bass. Three-pound limit. Salmon. Oct. 16 to Sept. 10. Lobster or Crawfish. Aug. 15 to April 1. Crabs, 8 inches across back. Sept. 1 to May 1. Turgeon and Female Crab. Prohibited. Abalone. Less than 15 inches round.

Bride and Groom Both Over Seventy.

Palouse, Wash.—Without fearing old age and both parties truthfully affirming that they were over 21 years, Jerry W. Colton and Mrs. Mary Milk of this place were married at the parsonage by Rev. F. B. Huffman, pastor of the Christian Church. Only witnesses were present. Mr. and Mrs. Colton will take up their residence on West Main street, the home of the groom. Mr. Colton, who is hale, hearty and vigorous at the ripe age of 79, is one of the Palouse country's substantial farmers. Aside from owning a large and rich farm near town he is the owner of a pleasant home on West Main street. This is the second time he has taken the marriage vows. The bride is well known in Palouse, has reached the seventy-year mark and thrice has been led to the marriage altar.

Want Government to Back Their Road.

Los Angeles.—Alaska will have a railway its entire length from North to South, and giving communication with the outside world if plans which are being formulated in this city are carried out. Harry White, former Mayor of Seattle, is at the head of the enterprise, which includes an application to Congress during the coming session for a government subsidy. The idea, as outlined, is for the Government to guarantee bonds of the proposed company, which is yet to be organized for the purpose, the promoters using the credit thus obtained to raise the funds for building the line. If successful the enterprise will involve an expenditure of about \$40,000,000. The road will be nearly 5000 miles in length.

Burglars burst open the Postoffice safe at Ferris, near Riverside, with nitro-glycerin. They secured \$180 in money. The damage to the building, and safe brings the loss up to \$400.

Cyrus Noble

The World famous American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

Now let Wizard Burbank invent an odorless moth ball.

Every old settlers' meeting demonstrates one thing, namely, that there are more young ones.

All the world asks of a man is for him to do his best. If that doesn't suit him he can get out.

In the meantime President Roosevelt does wish those Panama canal builders would ginger up a little.

Seal, sable and mink furs will be more popular than ever with the ladies. Prices have increased from 60 to 80 per cent.

"It is a good thing to let your wife be boss," says a New York judge. The question as to whether it is a good or bad thing does not alter the fact any.

Vienna has named a street after Roosevelt in honor of his part in the peace proceedings. Evidently there are no makers of 5-cent cigars in Vienna.

The man that robbed Jesse James, Jr., of \$300 probably is the descendant of some man with a long-standing account against the James family, and is trying to get even.

Some professional charity workers do not seem to believe in the assertion of Bulwer that "when a man is down in the world an ounce of help is worth a pound of preaching."

After a while it will be possible for an American traveling in the Old World to find a Roosevelt street in every town of any consequence, outside of Japan—and possibly Spain.

A small boy in East Orange, N. J., has been arrested for sending infernal machines by the half dozen to a fancied enemy. If the police look him over they will probably find "Made in Russia" stamped on him somewhere.

A man matched silver dollars in a saloon until he lost \$275 without winning once. He then became suspicious and quit the game. One of Artemus Ward's stories tells of a man who was confined in a loathsome dungeon for sixteen long years, when a happy thought struck him—he opened the window and got out.

Since the beginning of the war Japan has increased her debt from about \$290,000,000 to \$981,000,000, but of this amount she has on hand perhaps as much as \$175,000,000 unexpended. In the same time Russia's debt has increased from \$3,282,000,000 to about \$3,700,000,000. Japan will probably receive about \$100,000,000 from Russia in payment for the maintenance of prisoners of war, and Russia must also borrow money for her immediate needs at home. Japan, therefore, seems to come out of the war in better financial condition than Russia, in spite of the latter country's vastly greater resources.

Does village improvement pay? Those who doubt it may find something suggestive in the conclusion of a man who is looking for a home in a New England village accessible from Boston. In his search he visited one town to which he had been recommended. He found the railway station shabby, the common, in sight from the station, covered with long grass, and weeds growing along the sidewalks. The whole place had a bedraggled and neglected air. The man decided at once that he did not care to buy property or to live among people apparently so indifferent to appearances as those who controlled affairs in that town.

Nuremberg, Germany, in conjunction with the Society of German Clock Makers, recently erected a monument to Peter Henlein. Four hundred years ago he substituted springs for weights in clocks, and thus prepared the way for the watch. His work also meant that clocks could be made smaller, since length was no longer required for the fall of the weight. It is probable that the first spring was not coiled as at present, but consisted of a strip fastened at one end, with a string at the other end pulled down and coiled round the driving wheel. The spring thus acted like the sapling in a noose trap. Its play was limited, and the timepiece soon ran down.

It is probably true that the theory and practice of bacteriology have been carried to absurd lengths by enthusiasts, but if the science had accomplished nothing save to control diphtheria it would justify all the encomiums of its devotees. Under the antitoxin treatment, which is the result of bacteriological work, the diphtheria death rate in Chicago has been reduced from 13.07 per 10,000 to 10.04 per 10,000. The record speaks for itself and constitutes a sufficient answer to all the jests and jibes—some of them good-natured and others not—that have been directed at the germ theory. Bacteriology has proved its right to a place among the great sanitary agencies of the century.

The meanest thing a woman can do is to give dabs. A dab, lest some man creature should inquire, is a remark implying a slight—just enough

of a slight to hurt, without being sufficient to resent. The giving of dabs is an essentially feminine trait; and one woman may make another exceedingly unhappy by exhibiting it. The reason men do not give dabs is because they have been about enough to see the foolishness of it. Any woman who has been around much sees the same, for the matter of that. But fewer women have been around. Until they get around, their penchant for dabbing will remain, for getting around makes one get busy in the head. A dab is the natural output of a head with nothing more important to do. The mind must find activity somewhere, and dabbing, or running the cook leaves a good deal of excess vitality in a woman's head. So she uses it up in dabs. Oh, yes, dabbing takes head work. Some dabs are vastly clever. But isn't it too bad to spend good life in making others unhappy? Here is the cure: Get busy in the head. As an inducement to take it—to those who need it—it may be added that dabbing ends in making the dabbler far more unhappy than it makes the dabbled. For the cordial dislike of a large collection of dabbled ones is no nice thing to encounter, and such a collection is easy to acquire, since no one is so faultless as to be undabbable. This earth is full of women with mental capacity far above their jobs. No, housekeeping cannot be successfully done by a stupid person. It takes head, undeniably. But it doesn't often take all the head a woman has. Hence dabs. Now, if you don't believe this, get in a crowd of women and listen. If you don't hear something enlightening, you've poor ears. And then, if you are a woman without sufficient mental employment, get busy in the head.

Among the other results of continued national prosperity is the increase in the number of young men who are acquiring a college education. He is a poor man, indeed, who cannot send his son to college nowadays. This is markedly true in the West, where all the higher institutions of learning report an enrollment of unprecedented size. All classes of people—farmers, merchants, mechanics—have prospered beyond expectation, and the first thought of an American in such circumstances is to give his son a college education, which is supposed to mean a better chance in life than a common school education affords. There is some difference of opinion respecting this conclusion, but most people will agree that, other things being equal, the man with a good education will have an advantage over the man with a deficient education or with no education at all. We may easily see, however, that the number of college-bred men may exceed the number of professional or business openings available for educated men. In that contingency the question would arise: What shall we do with our college graduates? It is easy enough to say that a college man will make a better truckman or hod-carrier or street car conductor than an illiterate man. But will the college man, in default of professional employment, go to work as a truckman or a hod-carrier or a street car conductor? That is the crucial question. If he will not do so what is to become of him? We cannot all be merchants or doctors or lawyers or scientific men. Some of us must do the world's hard, disagreeable work; some of us must hew wood and draw water. With the present spread of college and university education the time seems not far distant when all of us will be competent to fill the higher posts in life and very much disinclined to accept the humbler ones. When we reach that situation the question of employing our college graduates will become one of paramount importance. One solution of that question may be the reduction of the output of the colleges. It will hardly be worth while to teach a man Latin and Greek and the higher mathematics in order to prepare him for ditch-digging—especially if he refuses to dig ditches.

A Mark of Distinction.
A short while ago a certain well-known country magistrate who is blessed with a tremendous head of hair, which is generally in a state of wild disorder, was questioning a youthful witness in order to make sure that he comprehended the character and importance of the oath he was about to take. "Boy," he said, in his severest magisterial manner, "do you feel sure you could identify me after six months? Now, be careful—think before you speak!" "Well, your honor," replied the boy, after a prolonged survey of the magistrate's portly figure and rugged features, "I ain't sure, but I think I could if you wasn't to comb your hair!"

She Was It.
Mr. Sophly—I saw you in the restaurant where I took lunch to-day.
Miss Bewtie—Nonsense! I haven't been in a restaurant for weeks.
Mr. Sophly—Oh, but you were there, all right, and they had you on the bill of fare in big type—peaches and cream.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A French Bull.
A newly-appointed French mayor recently issued the following notice: "On the feast of our patron saint the fire brigade will be reviewed in the afternoon if it rains in the morning, and in the morning if it rains in the afternoon."

There may be as good fish in the sea as ever were caught—but somehow they are shy about swallowing your bait.



Place for Boys.
What can a boy do, and where can a boy stay?
If he is always told to get out of the way?
He cannot sit here, and he must not stand there—
The cushions that cover that fine rocking chair
Were put there, of course, to be seen and admired;
A boy has no business to ever be tired. The beautiful roses and flowers that bloom
On the floor of the darkened and delicate room
Are not made to walk on—at least, not by boys;
The house is no place, anyway, for their noise.

Yet boys must walk somewhere; and what if their feet,
Sent out of our houses, sent into the street,
Should step round the corner and pause at the door
Where other boys' feet have paused often before;
Should pass through the gateway of glittering light,
Where jokes that are merry and songs that are bright
Ring out a warm welcome with flattering voice,
And temptingly say: "Here's a place for the boys?"
Ah, what if they should? What if your boy or mine
Should cross o'er the threshold which marks out the line
'Twixt virtue and vice, 'twixt pureness and sin,
And leave all his innocent boyhood within?

A place for the boys, dear mother, I pray,
As cares settle down round our short earthly way,
Don't let us forget, by our kind, loving deeds,
To show we remember their pleasures and needs;
Though our souls may be vexed with the problems of life,
And worn with besetments, and toiling and strife,
Our hearts will keep younger—your tired heart and mine—
If we give them a place in their innermost shrine;
And to our life's last hour 'twill be one of our joys
That we kept a small corner—a place for the boys.
—Boston Transcript.



The baby is waking.
The muffs are baking.
The kettle's beginning to steam,
The birds are singing,
The school bell is ringing,
And pussy cat's drinking some cream.
—By Harriet Nutty.

Her First Party.
"Mama, I almost know it is going to be pink silk!" cried Margery, bursting into her mother's room in great excitement. Margery usually began her stories in the middle, and with patience one must gather up the ends.
"There are going to be six—" she continued.

"Six pink silk dresses?" asked her mother. "Now, Margery, dear, this time I am not going to form any opinion until you tell me exactly what it is all about."

"Well, it is about Dorothy's uncle, and he is in Japan, and he is going to send her a box, and Dorothy isn't to open it until the party, and then we are all to stand round and help take out the things; and I almost know you will get my summer dress and it will be pink silk. There!"

"And you don't know the day?"
"Well, she thinks it will be in two weeks, and she is ready to tell us at a minute's notice."

The story was out at last, and Margery sat in a dream for a moment. "I am sort of afraid," she said, at last.

"I never went to a party, and I am afraid I don't know the games."

"I think you will get on nicely—if you think of others more than yourself," her mother said, gently.

The family was destined to know all about the party in the next few weeks, for there was no other topic of conversation. The dress was bought, and as it was a simple, washable silk, she was allowed to look forward to wearing it. She stood up patiently to be fitted—it is so much easier to be fitted for a pretty silk than for a plain gingham! The box seemed delayed, for days went on and there was no summons to her friend's house. Margery grew more nervous and surer still that she should be "afraid" to play the new games.

One day she thought she would go up and call on Dorothy, and as she came up the walk she was surprised to find three little girl friends on the piazza. She saw that they were in their best frocks, but that did not trouble her, as she had only come to call. They urged her to come and join a game they were about to play,

and when they were planning it out several others came, and then the fun began.

It was nearly dark when Margery came home, running breathlessly into the kitchen and asking Kitty where the note was that had been left that morning.

"Sure, I forgot, and it's behind the clock."

Margery took it and ran on to her mother and father in the library.

"Why are you so late?" asked her father, a little severely.

"Why, I didn't have my pink silk dress on, and it was the party, and I wasn't afraid!" panted Margery, holding up a bright little handkerchief.

"Party! Where?" asked her father.

"Why, it was behind the kitchen clock, and the box came and there were big fans and teeny-teeny fans, and vases, and a wee little clock and some lanterns and a flag and a kite—"

"Wait, wait!" said her mother. "Now start again. I know there was no party behind our kitchen clock."

"Nor any magician to bring all those things out of a box," added her father, laughing.

So Margery began at the beginning, which had to do with Kitty forgetting to deliver the note and the strange accident of her call, and her own surprise when she arrived, to find "the party" taking place. They gathered quite a connected story at last. When bedtime came and she was nicely tucked away, she called sleepily to her mother, "It was funny about the silk dress not going to the party, and there it was behind the kitchen clock all the time!"

"No, it was hanging in your closet," said mother. "I wouldn't keep it behind the clock." But Margery was too sleepy to straighten out the tangle.—Youth's Companion.

WHY WOMEN CARRY WATCHES.

There Is Good Reason Why Most Repairing Is Done for Men.
A contemporary quotes a jeweler as saying that of the hundred-odd watches left with him to be cleaned about ninety, on the average, belong to men, says the Providence Journal. The explanation given by this authority is that a woman's watch rarely requires overhauling because she is not addicted to waistcoats; whereas the waistcoat pocket in which most men carry their watches is a scavenger box in miniature, filled with dust, lint and cigar ashes, which find their way through the stem setting and between the inner and outer cases.

This jeweler is evidently a polite jeweler. At least, he is too gallant to tell the whole truth. He knows, of course, that he is seldom called upon to fix women's watches, because women as a rule don't care a burrah about the internal economy of their timepieces. If they wind them twice or thrice a year it is because they have nothing better to do. In so far as her watch is concerned, it makes no difference to a woman whether it is 11:15 in the morning when she retires for the night or 3 o'clock in the afternoon. She has a watch—usually it is a gold one or enamel and gold—and it looks well pinned on the left shoulder. That's enough.

If this statement calls for verification, present a woman with a silver or dark-metal watch of the most perfect workmanship as to its wheels, springs, etc., and study her face. It will delight her almost as much as a nickel-plated alarm clock, and no more. A mean husband can give no meaner gift to his wife than an alarm clock which will warn her that she must get up and go down cellar to tend the furnace. He doesn't tend the furnace because he has learned to let the fire go out and thus escape a disagreeable and exacting task. As for the cook, she fills her contract when she cooks and takes her "afternoons out." There are women and women, to be sure, and a very few business women carry a watch for watch purposes. With the great majority, however, a watch is an ornament.

How He Knew.

It was a beautiful day, without a single cloud in the sky. The man who was buying some food in a delicatessen store remarked on the weather.

"Yes, it's fine, but it's going to rain," replied the dealer.

"Impossible," said the customer.

"I'll bet you a fiver," said the dealer, "that it rains before the day is over, although I hate to take your money."

The money was put up and the customer went away chuckling.

Before night the rain was falling in torrents. The man who lost the bet stopped at the delicatessen store to see the winner.

"How did you know it was going to rain?" he demanded of the storekeeper. The latter chuckled.

"See that ice chest?" he asked, pointing to a big box in the corner.

The customer saw the ice box. "It was sweating big drops of water."

"That chest," said the storekeeper, "is my barometer. When there is rain in the air it begins to sweat; when rain is imminent it sheds those big drops you see now. I've had it over two years, and it never yet prophesied falsely."

Sad Case.

Ryer—I've never seen Chaffer out with his auto. Has he sold it?

Dyer—No. He bought it on the installment plan, and he is working so hard to pay for it that he hasn't time to use it.—Tarrytown News.

Humorous

An ounce of intuition is worth a pound of tuition.—Philadelphia Record.

Dyer—Did his widow succeed in breaking his will? Duell—Yes; long before he died.—Exchange.

Redd—How much does that chauffeur cost you a season? Greene—Repairs, fines, or salary?—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Hoyle—Does your husband make good money? Mrs. Doyle—Yes; it's good enough, but there's too little of it.—Judge.

MaJam—Be sure to put plenty of nuts in the cake. Cook—I'll crack no more nuts to-day. My jaw hurts me already.—Harper's Bazar.

Tramp—I lived on water once for six months. Lady—Well, I must say you don't look it. Tramp—I used to be a sailor.—New York Mail.

"Is this sure enough a camel's hair brush, mamma?" "Yes, dear." "Gee! I don't see how a camel can ever brush its hair with that thing."—Houston Post.

Jaspar—Many a wise word is spoken in jest. Junapupe—Yes, but they can't compare with the number of foolish ones that are spoken in earnest.—Exchange.

Miss Oldone—I wouldn't have refused Charley Banks if I'd been you. Miss Sweetgirl—I don't believe I would, either, if I'd been you.—New York Mail.

"He's sorry that he quarreled with his wife." "She has gone home to her mother, I suppose." "No; she's had her mother come home to her."—Philadelphia Press.

"Papa, are jails only for people who get caught?" "Dear me, no! They are only for those people who get caught and haven't money enough to stay out!"—Life.

"Are those new people next door rich?" "Rich! Well, I should say so. They have two automobiles, and one of 'em is at the repair shop all the time."—Boston Herald.

"Haven't Henpeck and his wife settled their differences about their visiting cards?" "Oh, yes, they've compromised on Mr. and Mrs. Maria Henpeck."—Philadelphia Press.

"What makes you so sure Black is not a total abstainer?" "When I asked him where he was last night he rubbed his head, and said, 'Let me stop and think!'"—Detroit Free Press.

Miss Antek—Yes, we're engaged. Some people are mean enough to say he's too young for me. Miss Pert—Ridiculous. Miss Antek—It is so, isn't it? Miss Pert—Sure! He'll age fast enough after he's married to you. —Philadelphia Press.

Governess (looking over geography paper)—What's this? "The people of Lancashire are very stupid!" Where in the world did you get that idea from? Pupil—Out of the book. It says that Lancashire is remarkable for its dense population.—Punch.

Father—Why don't you work, my son? If you only knew how much happiness work gives you would begin at once. Son—Father, I am striving to lead a life of self-denial, in which happiness plays no part. Do not tempt me.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"I takes de weather dese ez Providence sends it," said Brother Williams; "ef I whirled in en prayed for rain dar'd sho' come a dry spell. En ef I prayed for dry, dar'd come rain enough ter drown me—en de Lawd knows, I can't swim!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Squire Greene—Yaas, while you folks were away, they expelled old Deacon Goodman from th' Baptist Church. Mr. Naborly—No! Why, how did it happen? Squire Greene—Wal, somebody asked him what he thought of automobiles, and he told 'em!—Puck.

Employer—Well, what did he say to you? Clerk—That he'd break every bone in my body and pitch me out of the window if I showed my face in his office again! Employer—Then go back and tell him that he is vastly mistaken if he thinks he can intimidate me by his violence.—Life.

Mr. Kornersloon—I've half a mind to start for Dawson City, Sarah. Here's a fellow went up there six months ago, and has just got home with fifteen thousand dollars in his pocket. Mrs. Kornersloon—But that would never do for you, John. You can't even get home Saturday nights with your fifteen dollars.—Exchange.

The Snorer's Retort.

An irascible old gentleman who had the misfortune to travel with a man who went to sleep and snored loudly thought fit to wake the sleeper and remonstrate with him, and, after addressing him in terms more forcible than polite, he savagely concluded: "If people would only keep their mouths shut they would make less noise!" "Very true!" replied the snorer, before relapsing into slumber. "Why don't you try it yourself?"

What She Desires.
"It may not be your intention," remarked Miss Gladdie, "but doesn't it occur to you that your treatment of me is rather calculated to make us bad friends?"

"No," replied Miss Kander, coolly, "I had an idea it would make us good enemies."—Philadelphia Press.

Fully Enlarged.
"I was surprised to hear the elder Miss Timmins propose a kissing game at the house party."

"What would you? It was her only chance."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

QUEER STORIES

Dresden has an odd institution, a municipal newspaper, not like New York's City Record, but a real journal printing the news of the day. It was bequeathed to Dresden by Dr. Gunt. It has a large circulation and is the chief advertising medium of the neighborhood. Its profits are applied to beautifying the city and to charity.

Upon the southern slope of a ridge of hills not far from London an old man makes a slender living catching and feeding snails, which he sends to Continental markets. He has besides a standing order for all the bumblebees he can collect in autumn for exportation to New Zealand. They fertilize the clover blossoms in that South Sea island.

The Canadians are said to be more British than the English themselves. So they are doubtless in political sentiment, but in matters of business that feeling is never allowed to interfere. A correspondent of the London Mail writes that "No English need apply" is a common addendum to advertisements in Canada. He attributes it to the "Yankee heaven" in the Canadian population. Probably the reason is a certain lack of adaptability in the English character, as compared with the colonial or the American.

The first electric tramway built in Japan was the line, eight miles in length, which was opened in Kioto in 1895. Since then other cities of importance have built electric tramways, and there are now seventeen companies with an aggregate capital of 38,000,000 yen (\$18,000,000), whose lines already opened aggregate 120 miles, with eighty-five miles more building. Most of these companies have not yet a very profitable business, but that the profits will be large is indicated by the fact that the electric tramways of Tokio already pay annual dividends of not less than 10 per cent.

A rather curious explanation of the Irish names among the negroes of the West Indies does exist. Some years ago a vessel with Irish sailors on board put into a West Indian port and a boatload of negroes came out to meet it. The sailors were amazed to hear the negroes talking to each other in the ancient Gaelic tongue. Where did they acquire the language? The natural conjecture, of course, was that the Irish language was taken to the West Indies by the thousands of Irish men and Irish women who were banished to the West Indies by Cromwell and sold as slaves to the planters there. These were sent chiefly from Connaught, where Irish was the language of the people at the time. That the exiles left their names and language in the West India islands in which they were settled is a probable theory enough.

In some parts of Europe and Asia there is a peculiar custom of salting new-born babies, according to the Dundee Advertiser. When a baby is born among the Armenians of Russia the nurse takes the infant and covers the entire skin with very fine salt. This salt is left on the baby for three hours or more, and then the child is washed with warm water. In Asia Minor there is a tribe of people living in the mountains who do even worse than this. They salt their new-born babies and leave the salt on them for twenty-four hours. The modern Greeks sprinkle salt on their babies. This practice of salting babies is an ancient custom. It has its rise in superstition, of course. The mothers think that salting insures their children's health and strength, and that it will keep evil spirits away from them. Even in some parts of Germany salt is still used on the child at birth.

RIVAL RIGHTS IN VOLCANO.

Four Communes Near Mount Vesuvius Assert Proprietary Powers.
Vesuvius, with its eruption, has done more than provide magnificent fireworks to attract the foreigners; it has set four communes—Resina, Torre Del Greco, Boscorene and Ottaviano—by the ears.

Each claims that the volcano stands within its confines, if not all, the greater part of it, and that it (the commune) can thus claim the taxes of the guides, Cook's railway and the one hundred and one other things which yield money. The quarrel is a pretty one, and bids fair to be unending, as no sooner have the confines been established and a comparative, if discontented, peace patched up, than the volcano belches forth new lava, forms new hills and valleys and obliterates the confines.

Since the late eruption feeling has risen to such heights that the people of one commune throw stones at those of the others, and refuse to speak as they pass by. Each declares that it has ancient documents to prove its rights beyond dispute, but when the moment comes for exhibiting them they somehow have misplaced them. They would have been the most useful to the council of state, to whom they have appealed, but they cannot be found. Meanwhile, until the quarrel is settled, Resina has decidedly the best of it, as, while the others were terror-stricken, she boldly fixed her confines by herself taking in the whole mountain.

He Indulged.
"You have an indulgent husband, haven't you, Mrs. De Lush?"
"Yes, indeed! There are times when I'm really afraid that he indulges—er—too much." — Cleveland Leader.

Office Work By Machinery



This is a parable. He who runs may read; or, to use the modern version, he who travels per Mercedes will see the world.

There was once a too-old-at-forty merchant. He had toiled—toiled unto grayness.

But fortune had not come.

He pared the point of a quill pen (he remembered his father using one in that very room), and gazed gloomily at an ancient inkstand filled with a viscous, tarlike mass. And the spirit that was in him evaporated and dried up like his ink, with only the dregs of gall and iron left behind.

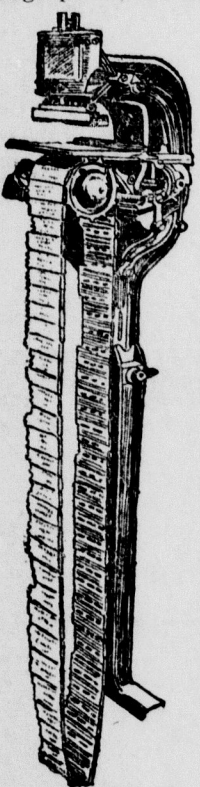
He thought of the days of fret and worry, the nights of cramping pen work, when he had set till the small hours checking Eiffel Towers of figures and writing letters which an office boy had smudged into gray indecipherability with the aid of a copying-book and a brush charged with solid sloppiness.

He thought of the headaches and the restless nights in which he lived again through the petty annoyances of the day, and as he dispatched a boy with a message (he had always hated telephones) he decided to end it all.

So he retired and lived economically in the suburbs, and another man reigned in his stead. This is the prologue.

Six months passed. The too-old-at-forty merchant again visited his old office. It was in the same room, but—

The new manager was seated at a roll-top desk. Before him was a phonograph with a neat recording mouth-



piece. Into this he was speaking quickly: "I want two thousand copies of the following letter posted to our regular customers in time for the four o'clock mail this afternoon. Take down: 'Dear Sirs—Owing to our having new labor-saving machinery in all our factories, we are able to quote lower for all our goods, which you will note are now ten per cent cheaper than those offered by foreign competitors. A glance at the following figures will—'"

For thirty seconds he continued to talk into the phonograph. Then he removed the wax cylinder and handed it to a boy who carried it into the next room where the patter of many typewriters sounded like hail on the roof.

The too-old-at-forty merchant looked on with smiling toleration.

"I think you made a mistake in that letter," he said. "I heard you dictate that you wanted two thousand copies. I suppose you meant two dozen."

The return smile was of tender compassion. He was informed that two thousand was correct.

"But you said they were to be sent off by the four o'clock mail, and it is one-thirty now. However big your staff may be you can hardly have two thousand letters typed and the envelopes addressed and stamped in two and a half hours."

"I shall employ exactly one girl clerk and a boy on that job," remarked the new manager, leaning back luxuriously in his chair, "and if they tried they could do double the quantity in the time."

He rose. "Perhaps you would like to see the miracle?" he said as he opened the door next to his room.

A girl typist was taking down in shorthand the words of the letter as they were dictated from the phonograph on which she had placed the wax cylinder. This was completed in one minute forty-five seconds by the watch. She then adjusted a sheet of wax paper on her typewriting machine and typed the letter.

A few minutes later the waxed paper was fitted to a rotary duplicator, and an office boy was reeling off eighty copies per minute.

"Rate of 4,800 an hour," commented the new manager.

The too-old-at-forty merchant looked thoughtful.

Meanwhile the girl clerk was feeding envelopes into the addressing machine, which was printing them (each with a different name and address) at the rate of 2,000 an hour.

The too-a-f merchant seemed to want to ask questions.

"Quite simple," said the new manager. "Every customer on our books has his name and address set up in rubber type. The boy does this in his spare time. The address, set up in a

little metal galley, is then attached to one of these endless chains which pass through the machine. Each time an envelope is printed by the machine the chain moves round so as to bring another address into position for the next envelope. Simple, isn't it?"

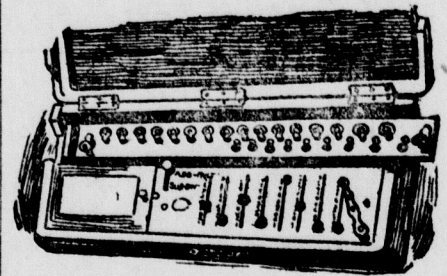
"In my time it would have taken a man about four days to do what that machine does in one hour," said the merchant, musingly.

"But this isn't your day; it's ours," said the new manager.

"What next?" asked the merchant of the past.

"Next comes the envelope sealing machine," said the new manager remorselessly. "Now in your day one office boy using single tongue power would probably stick down about forty envelopes in an hour. This little machine seals nine thousand in that time. You see, it is quite small. You just put the pile of letters in at the top and turn this handle. Then the letters (now typed, duplicated, addressed and sealed by machinery) fall out on the table. Oh! I wouldn't try to count them. It might strain your arithmetic to keep pace with the machine."

The rotary duplicator and the "Addressograph" were still working mer-



THE ARITHMOMETER.

ely. "Would you like to see the other things?" asked the new manager.

"Now this machine," he said, moving over to another instrument in a neat-looking case, "not only prints letters in exact imitation of typewriting, but it also prints a different name and address on each and adds a perfect imitation of your signature in black ink at the bottom."

"I begin to feel very old," said the former owner of the business. "I suppose your chief cashier is made of levers and sprockets and your confidential clerk is driven by a main-

spring."

"Well, I think there are cog wheels and spacing gears in them, too," said the new manager. "Now, here is the book typewriter, with which we keep our ledgers, and, in fact, all the books in our firm. We only use pens here as pipe cleaners. You lay the book on the table, so, draw the machine over it, and make your entries cleanly and neatly."

"But bound books are now out of date. The loose leaf book is the modern idea. Dr. and Cr. sheets are of different colored papers, and the leaves can be removed and reinserted in the binder at a moment's notice."

"Then all you have to do is to cast up the figures," said the old merchant.

"Pardon me, we do nothing of the kind." With calculating machines that will tell you in ten seconds what 9,756,834 multiplied by 456,873 amounts to, and which will extract the square root of 587,867,901 with a few turns of a handle, the human brain becomes too slow for practical purposes.

"Now, if you will look at this 'Arithmometer' for a moment, you will see that all you have to do is to place the pointers at the figures which you wish to multiply, subtract from or add together, then turn this handle, and the result will appear in that row of spaces at the top."

An office boy now came up and reported that the two thousand letters had left the office at 3:30.

"It seems to me that brains are quite obsolete," said the antediluvian merchant.

"And that is the biggest mistake of all," returned the twentieth-century manager. "Brains are what we want, and all we want. We are freed of the old grinding routine that business men used to break their hearts over; now



Evidently Mr. Cleveland Never Expects to Run for Office Again—Chicago Tribune.

we have time to think. Our clerks have shorter hours and are better paid; but those we do employ have brains, otherwise we should have no use for them.

"No, brains are not at a discount, but brainless handwork is,"—Montreal Star.

LINCOLN'S WEAKNESS.

He Was Inclined to Always Temper Justice with Mercy.

"Abraham Lincoln's weakness, if it can be called a weakness, was a tendency, in matters not involving great or general issues, to let his heart run away with his head. It was difficult for him to resist a plea for a pardon for a man who had been condemned to be shot or hanged. His inclination to temper justice with mercy saved many innocent lives during the civil war," said William O. Stoddard to a representative of Success Magazine.

"I remember one day when he was heels over head in work and had spent nearly all of the previous night at his desk, a delegation called at the White House to intercede for a certain notorious leader of a band of hard characters who had been carrying on a sort of guerrilla warfare and had done some needless killing. It was the purpose of the delegates to tell the President that the bloodshed had been due to zeal, and that the man had a mother and a family.

"I had previously investigated the case and had laid the facts before Mr. Lincoln. He agreed with me that the man should be made an example of and executed. I received the delegation, and to relieve the President from the pain the visit would cause him at a time when it was necessary to spare him in every possible way, I told them that the President had positively made up his mind not to interfere, and was engrossed in a very important matter that made it impossible for him to be seen.

"I stood guard, and at last the delegation went away. Afterward I told the President of their visit.

"Well," he said, with an almost imperceptible sigh, "I suppose you did right. The man ought to hang, but he has a family. I believe that if I had met those people I should have signed an order for a pardon."

FISH RESTAURANTS.

A Feature of London and Paris Life that Is Less Common Here.

Returning travelers from London, Paris, and Berlin describe with pleasure the "fish restaurants" in those cities, and express some wonder that there are not similar restaurants here.

A "fish restaurant" is not one at which fish is served exclusively, or even chiefly, but a restaurant at which a specialty is made of the service of fish, and at which usually some special fish dish is offered to patrons each day.

In London and Paris such restaurants make as their chief specialty sole, as popular in England as in France. The Paris restaurants, in addition, make a feature of crayfish, cod, and mussels, and the London restaurants of whitebait and shrimp.

The variety of fish procurable in these two cities is almost without limitation, but a different fish each day requires, in fact, only seven varieties, in the preparation of which there are many specialties.

Washington has a larger variety of fish than either London or Paris. The oysters, lobsters, and crabs in the market here are superior to those to be found in large European cities, and the general demand for fish is in excess of what it is in the big cities of other countries. But the custom prevails for the most part here of making fish or sea food a part of the meal furnished at a restaurant, and not a feature of it.—Washington Post.

The Only Safe Way.

Sillicus—How is the best way to manage a wife?

Cynicus—Her own way.—Philadelphia Record.

We are compelled to confess that some fools we know are rather good fellows, in most ways. They simply refuse to learn.

A man's mental balance isn't synonymous with his bank balance.

PRANKS OF ALFONSO.

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF SPAIN'S YOUTHFUL RULER.

How the Young King Notified the People He Wanted to Go to Bed—His Reckless Automobiling Overthrew a Ministry—Queer Capers.

Some remarkable stories, dealing with his eccentricities, are told of King Alfonso of Spain. These eccentricities began in childhood, when most healthy minded youngsters of his years would feel inclined to seek the same relief from tutors, prime ministers and other dignified guardians. It was during his first tour in the Spanish provinces, three years ago, that the people of his country first had the opportunity to observe the capers which hitherto had been reserved for the eyes of the palace courtiers.

It was on this journey that the King complained of being bored, and asked why he could not go to bed. Pacheco, the general in charge of him, explained that etiquette demanded that the people leave first.

"Oh, they must, eh?" replied his



KING ALFONSO.

Majesty. "I'll soon send them away."

A moment later, in a hush, Alfonso doubled his fists, placed them to his mouth in imitation of a bugle, and sounded taps. Everybody stood aghast and glanced toward the King, who again sounded taps, stretched his arms and yawned. The people took the hint and departed.

In Leon the King was met by a brilliant procession to escort him to the Town Hall. On the way a triumphal arch attracted his attention. He called on the driver to stop, alighted, unslinging his camera, and proceeded to take pictures of the arch.

In Santander the King received the city's keys on a street stand. As they were handed to him the crowd cheered.

"Long live the King! Long live Asturias! Long live Spain! Long live Santander!"

In the stillness which followed, the King leaned toward the Duke of Veragua, who was on another stand, and cried:

"You didn't get anything this time, did you? No long life for you."

On the road from Oviedo to Mieres the King spied a small-gauge railway, and asked where it led. He was told to the mines several miles away. This roused the King's curiosity, and he said:

"I want to go there. Let us turn."

General Pacheco remonstrated and said that the people of Mieres had been waiting since morning to see the King, and it was already late.

"Am I not King?" he exclaimed. "I'll do what I want to, and I want to see the mines."

His Majesty then compelled the party to go with him to view the mines. In consequence the people of Mieres, after a long wait, thought that the King was not coming and nobody was in the streets to welcome him when he arrived.

In the past three years more serious breaches of palace etiquette have alarmed some of the ministers, who seem to think that even a youthful King should recognize the dignity of his position and understand that it is impossible for him to indulge in the pranks permissible to other youths of his age.

Recently Alfonso in passing through an ante-room in the Madrid palace met Admiral Chacon, a venerable sailor who was formerly aide-de-camp to the King. Alfonso approached the admiral and said to him:

"What office are you filling now?" The admiral replied that he was attached to one of the bureaus of the navy department, whereupon Alfonso answered in a loud voice:

"Is that so? Well, my dear Chacon, I suppose you idle your time away there just as you did when you were at court." The King then raised his hand and slapped the face of the old sailor, after which he walked off laughing boisterously.

Chacon, in relating the incident later, said: "When I felt his Majesty's hand hit my face it was all I could do to restrain myself from disgracing myself and my uniform."

On another occasion, as Alfonso was going to his private apartments in the palace, he noticed for the first time, outside his door, a small bell button fixed to the wall and covered with a glass case. The King inquired what the button was for, and was told that it connected with a bell in the guard room of the palace and was to be used only in the event of grave danger threatening the King. Before any one could interfere Alfonso broke the glass, pushed the button vigorously, and then ran into his apartments.

Instantly there was a frightful racket in the palace. Gales of "Assassin!" were raised, and the palace filled with soldiers. A company of halberdiers and cuirassiers dashed up the stairs

with loaded carbines and drawn swords, and rushed into the King's suite of rooms. There Alfonso met them, almost in hysterics from his laughter. The soldiers retired, unappreciative of the joke.

Alfonso's reckless speeding through the streets of Madrid in his automobile has repeatedly been commented upon in the Madrid papers, and it has been said that the attempt of the late Maura government to compel the King to stop his breakneck speeding was the real reason why the cabinet fell. Premier Maura, at an audience with the King, pointed out the danger of using the streets of Madrid as a race course, and the fact that the municipal laws were broken by his Majesty. Alfonso was greatly angered over the remarks of the premier, and at once demanded the government's resignation for impertinence. The resignations were handed in and a new government was formed.

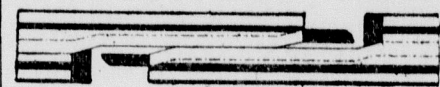
A more serious phase of this young King's independence of thought and action is concerned with the mother who has devoted her life to his education and rearing. Her care has made him a healthy, sturdy youth, although he promised to inherit all the physical weaknesses of his sickly father. He is capable of great physical endurance and can stand up under fatigue that would exhaust men of apparently greater strength. Although he has almost reached his majority he follows still the daily routine laid out by his mother when in 1891 his royal curls were cut and he set out to prepare himself for his high place.

Notwithstanding the devotion of his mother, the King is said to be lacking in respect for her, and many stories bearing on this attitude are told. These, however, are circulated by his political opponents and denied by his supporters.

NEW RAIL JOINT.

Invention Which Promises to Revolutionize Railroad Building.

Delbert P. Springer, of Waverly, N. Y., has just been granted letter patents on a new rail joint that promises to revolutionize railroad building in the near future. The primary object of the invention is to provide a rail joint which will allow for contraction and expansion and wherein the overlapping or meeting ends of rails will be maintained in fixed relative position independently of rail-chairs or other devices usually employed for such purpose. A further object of the invention is to have a rail-joint of such construction that wear and tear on the rolling stock, as well as vibration, will be reduced to a minimum, and lateral spreading, as well as sag-

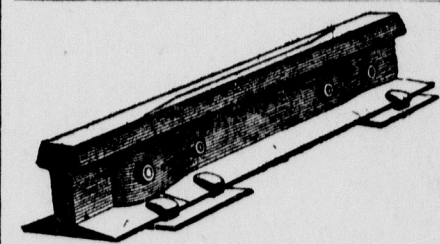


RAIL BEFORE BEING LAID.

ging, of the contiguous rail ends will be avoided and derailments and other accidents thereby averted. The following claims are put forward by the inventor in behalf of his new joint:

1. A rail-joint comprising rail ends each having terminal projections with tongues extending therefrom to bear against the opposite sides of the rails in advance of said projections, each tongue extending from an outwardly-deflected portion of the rail-web, and means for connecting the assembled rail ends.

2. A rail-joint consisting of rail ends longitudinally slotted to form projections terminating in tongues, the slots having inner short transverse shoulders and the sides of the opposite rails adjacent to the latter provided with horizontal resisting enlargements to receive the tongues between them, and



RAIL READY FOR BUSINESS.

means for securing the tongues and projections.

3. A rail-joint consisting of rail ends longitudinally slotted to form projections terminating in tongues, the slots having inner short transverse shoulders and the sides of the opposite rails adjacent to the latter provided with horizontal resisting enlargements to receive the tongues between them, each rail adjacent to the transverse shoulder of the slot thereof having a chair enlargement projected beyond said shoulder and reduced to form a seat, the seats receiving the terminals of the projections, and means for fastening the tongues and projections to each other.

The accompanying cut will be of general interest, and will give the practical railroad man an excellent idea of the new invention. A trial track of these new joints is now in operation near New York.

Grossmith's Mistake.

On one occasion, when two Grossmiths—father and son—were engaged to give a village entertainment together, they found, on nearing the place, that they were nearly an hour late. Putting his head out of the carriage window, the elder Grossmith saw a crowd leaving a building. "Go back! Go back! It's all right—Grossmith is coming!" he shouted encouragingly to them. His feelings can scarcely be described when he afterwards learned that the building was a chapel, and the people were coming away from a meeting there.

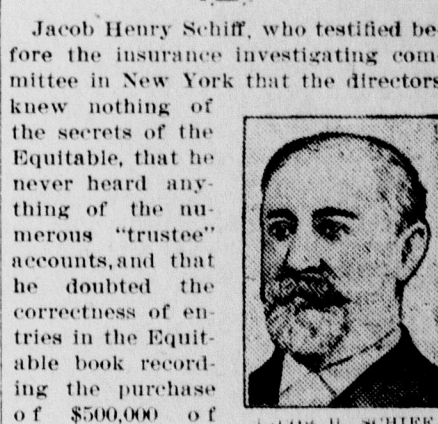
Tell a man he has a pretty diamond and he will say it needs cleaning very badly.



Edward W. McKenna, who was elected Second Vice President of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul

Railroad at the annual meeting of the directors in Milwaukee, is one of the most widely known railway officials in the rail-way service. He was born in Pittsburgh and entered the service of the Pennsylvania system in 1863 and rose steadily in the service of that company until 1887, when he became division superintendent of the St. Paul Road, becoming general superintendent in 1890. In 1894 he transferred his services to the Great Northern Railroad in the same capacity, where he remained till the autumn of 1895, at which time he had developed an invention for rerolling steel rails and at once launched a company, which has since made a fortune out of the process. Mr. McKenna resumed his services with the St. Paul Road as assistant to the President Feb. 1, 1904.

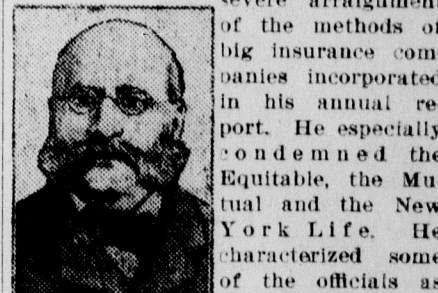
Jacob Henry Schiff, who testified before the insurance investigating committee in New York that the directors knew nothing of the secrets of the Equitable, that he never heard anything of the numerous "trustee" accounts, and that he doubted the correctness of entries in the Equitable book recording the purchase of \$500,000 of Union Pacific stock for "holding account," is one of the noted financiers of the country. He is a member of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., is a director in several banks, trust companies and railways and also is a director of Equitable Life and of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Mr. Schiff was born at Frankfurt-on-the-Main in 1847 and came to the United States in 1865. He has served as vice president of the New York Chamber of Commerce and is the founder of the Jewish Theological Seminary of the Semitic Museum at Harvard University. Last winter he was decorated by the Japanese emperor for services in connection with floating the Japanese loan.



FREDERICK L. CUTTING.

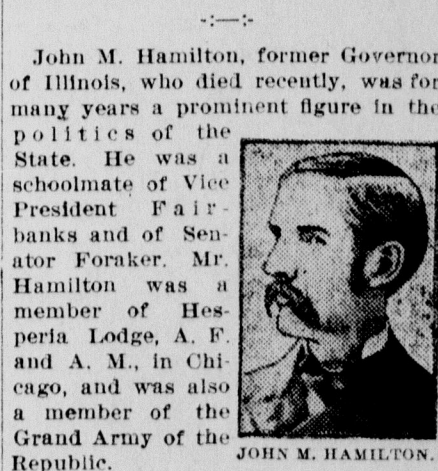
Frederick L. Cutting, Commissioner of Insurance for Massachusetts, has come into wide notice on account of a severe arraignment of the methods of big insurance companies incorporated in his annual report. He especially condemned the Equitable, the Mutual and the New York Life. He characterized some of the officials as Judases and alludes to one as the "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde Company." He referred to "dubious schemes" and "schemes for getting enormously rich." He also touched on fraternal societies and mentioned the Royal Arcanum in particular.

John M. Hamilton, former Governor of Illinois, who died recently, was for many years a prominent figure in the politics of the State. He was a schoolmate of Vice President Fairbanks and of Senator Foraker. Mr. Hamilton was a member of Hesperia Lodge, A. F. and A. M., in Chicago, and was also a member of the Grand Army of the Republic.



JOHN M. HAMILTON.

J. B. Fowler, of Portland, Ore., is the inventor of a device which, if successful, will make him the peer of Edison, Marconi, Tesla and all the other wizards of electrical discovery. It is claimed for this newest of wonders that by means of it one may see the image of the person with whom he is talking through the telephone. Its discoverer calls it the "televue." Mr. Fowler, until recently was a laborer in a railroad shop.



F. J. W. BOETTCHER.

F. J. W. Boettcher, the well-known collector of Washington, D. C., has a collection of 10,000 plants from all over the world, classified and catalogued.

The Rev. S. P. Cadman of Brooklyn was framed and hanging in his study the celebrated letter of Abraham Lincoln to Mrs. Bixby.

Thomas Nichol, the last one of the Perry expedition to Japan in 1850, died recently in New York.

THE ENTERPRISE

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1905.

The results of last Tuesday's election in Ohio and the city of Philadelphia simply means that the people of the Buckeye State and of the Quaker City had at last decided upon a thorough cleaning up and cleaning out of political filth and graft.

The last Legislature passed a law requiring all obnoxious weeds to be destroyed by the owners or occupants of lands upon which such weeds are growing. The law has already been enforced in several counties and the result has been satisfactory. In many cases the owners or occupants are notified to destroy by cutting and burning all weeds found growing upon their property. If after a reasonable time the weeds are not removed the inspectors take the matter into their own hands and have the work properly attended to, the county paying the bill. When this method is resorted to a lien has to be filed upon the property, which the District Attorney is forced to foreclose and have the property sold to satisfy the judgment. —Leader, San Mateo.

We suggest that our Improvement Club apply the above remedy for the removal of the thistle nuisance from this town.

PAYING FOR THEIR KEEP.

Santa Clara county has twenty-eight jail birds working in a quarry near Mayfield breaking up rock, which farmers use to improve the roads in their neighborhood. The proposition is a good one. The fellows who have to "do time" in jail are much benefited by so fine an opportunity to work, and at least they can earn the "grub" they eat and make the burden on the taxpayers so much lighter. —Times-Gazette.

The Enterprise is in favor of having prisoners in the county jail given work, provided it can be done with profit to the county. Eight hours for six days of every week, breaking rock or other work, would be beneficial to the prisoners. If Santa Clara county can find profitable employment for her prisoners, why not San Mateo county.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

(CONTRIBUTED)

People do not seem to realize that men are great because their natures make them so. Milton wrote one of the greatest poems ever penned; his blindness must have given him inward light. Darwin traces the origin of species and descent of man, yet so secluded was his life from the outside world, said he, when asked why this was so, "I cannot trace his history in the haunts of men. I must go into his shadow." Luther it was who nailed his theses on the door of a church. The darkness gathered around him; yet in the darkness said he: "I recognize a great light," and how often is it that the privilege of darkening one's own life, oftentimes enduring hardships, that the pathway of others may be smoother and brighter. How few, if any, are the homes into which a shadow has not entered, whether it be the cottage or mansion, in crowded city, or village hamlet, there is no difference. Shadows have gathered that could be felt, all was hushed and quiet within. The sweet expressions of love and friendship are no longer intelligible, the ear listens no longer to the well-known voice; the last farewell said, the approaches to another world draws near. The shadows thicken, but fear not, "I will be with thee," is the promise, and the shadows flee away, a great light floods the pathway of sorrowing ones, as we hear a voice saying "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live," but whatever the shadow, it is an assurance that a light is shining.

There is no light without its shadow, and our God stands behind the shadow.

There he sees and guards his own.

H. E.

IS IT THE UNITED RAILROADS?

As announced two weeks ago, says the Palo Alto Times, it is now generally believed that the purchaser of the Parkinson road is the United Railroads of San Francisco. This company already operates a trolley line as far south as San Mateo and it has rolling stock and power plants ample to equip at once an extension of the road to San Jose. This is the best thing that could happen for all the peninsula towns, including Palo Alto. —Leader, San Mateo.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

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An independent railroad system,

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An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

ARRESTS OVER MARSH TROUBLES

A. L. Whitney's Unprovoked Assault on District Attorney—E. W. McLellan and Others Arrested—Notes.

Last Monday's session of the Board of Supervisors was a stormy one, and was characterized by numerous squabbles in which ex-Governor Budd, Attorney James T. O'Keefe and Contractor E. W. McLellan hurled a veritable volley of personalities at each other.

The trouble arose over the hearing of the application of several Eureka parties, represented by Mr. O'Keefe, for permission to form a reclamation district opposite Belmont and San Carlos. E. W. McLellan, at the instigation of the promoters, had damaged a slough in the rear of Mrs. Phelps' residence. This work was done in the face of a promise of the promoters that no action would be taken until the board had finally passed upon the application.

Last Friday some one blew the dam out, and on Sunday McLellan with a force of Japs replaced the work. District Attorney Bullock, Constable Cronk and Under Sheriff Butts repaired to the scene and McLellan, the Japs and St. John Whitney, son of A. L. Whitney of the salt works, were arrested.

A. L. Whitney demanded to know who instigated the arrest, and when informed it was District Attorney Bullock without a word of warning stepped up and struck that official a heavy blow in the face. He then endeavored to pull a gun, but Mr. Bullock was too quick for him, and pulling his had him covered. The officers prevented the use of the weapons, but as soon as the men were separated Mr. Bullock sprang forward and dealt Mr. Whitney a terrific blow which blackened the eye of the salt man. The plucky act of Mr. Bullock in winning the battle so decisively from his more powerful assailant took the crowd of Japanese prisoners by storm and one or two of them were inclined to cheer. Whitney was not arrested, as the general opinion was that he had suffered enough, but McLellan and St. John Whitney were arrested, along with the Japs, and taken before Justice Hannon. They are now out on bail.

Monday the incident served to enliven the proceedings before the Board. Ex-Governor Budd, Geo. C. Ross and District Attorney Bullock opposed the granting of the reclamation district petition, while James T. O'Keefe, representing the petitioners, fought for its allowance.

After O'Keefe had spoken in its behalf, Governor Budd replied and asked the Board if, after having been once deceived by this "band of liars" it proposed to believe them further.

O'Keefe jumped to his feet and shaking his fist in the face of the ex-Governor, asked if he called him a liar.

Governor Budd—"The remark was intended for your clients. But if I thought you were a liar I would not hesitate to tell you."

O'Keefe—"I don't care if you are Governor Budd or any one else, I will not allow you to talk like that to me."

Budd—"Who are you, anyway? I don't know you and don't recognize you except as the attorney for a bunch of liars."

This incident closed and the real fireworks came when E. W. McLellan was sworn at the request of Mr. O'Keefe to prove the ownership of the land in question.

When Governor Budd took him in hand he prefaced his remarks by saying that he would be easy with the witness, as he was a prisoner.

McLellan remarked he was not, as he was out on bail.

Budd—"But by the time we are through with you in the criminal court you will have no hope of bail."

McLellan—"And we will have an inning with you and the county then in a civil action."

Budd then proceeded, and was frequently interrupted by McLellan, who claimed the facts were not being stated. "Like a fool," said Budd, "you talk too much for your own good, and if you will leave the expounding of the law to me and you attend to your dredging we will get along all right."

McLellan—"You might be a good lawyer, but as the operator of a dredger you wouldn't amount to much."

Budd—"That is quite true. Or, in other words, I might expound the law better than you can, and you could clean a water closet better than I can."

Mr. Budd then proceeded to argue to the Board that the petition was faulty in several particulars when Mr. McLellan, who was seated directly in front of him, placed his fingers in his ears, thus indicating that he did not desire to listen to him.

"You may stick your fingers in your ears," said the ex-Governor, "but before we are through with you you will be poking your nose through the prison bars."

McLellan—"Your argument is entirely uninteresting to me and I don't care to listen to you."

Budd—"The insolence of this puppet is—"

McLellan with clenched fists sprang toward him with the statement he would not stand such talk from anybody.

Budd assumed a fighting attitude, and the two men were about to come together when Deputy Sheriff Kelley got between them.

McLellan said he would not strike

an old man, and Budd replied he never need hold back on that score. Order was restored and the application of the petitioners to form the district was denied.—Leader.

NOTICE!

For the accommodation of those having business with the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, its office in the Postoffice building will be open hereafter on Sundays between the hours of 8 and 11 o'clock a. m.

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent.

MURDER AND SUICIDE END HUNT FOR MILTON FRANKLIN ANDREWS

Police Trap Two Fugitives Who Brutally Assaulted Horseman Ellis.

San Francisco.—Tragic murder and suicide Monday night closed the career of Milton Franklin Andrews and his consort, Nulda Petrie, charged with the brutal attempt at murder and the robbery of J. William Ellis, an Australian horseman, at Berkeley on October 11th.

With the police at his door and driven to bay, Andrews, thrice accused as a murderer, ended the pursuit that has crossed and recrossed half the globe by killing his companion, a beautiful young French Canadian, and committing suicide in rooms at 748 McAllister street, where the pair of fugitives had been trapped.

In the realization that the long chase was at an end; that stern agents of the law were ready to take him, at least, this remarkable criminal accepted the alternative of death, and closed a career which has had few counterparts in the annals of crime.

With a price upon his head of more than \$5000; with the knowledge that the police of four States held warrants for his arrest; with the desperation of a man hunted over land and sea for more than a year, this fugitive from justice preferred death at his own hands. And all of the evidence indicates that the Petrie woman was his willing victim, for her body was found as if she had received her wicked partner's bullet of her own will.

Andrews and the woman were in hiding, fugitives, after the desperate attack on and the robbery of William Ellis, an Australian horseman, whom they had lured from the Antipodes by offers of employment. Ellis, all unsuspecting, was murderously assaulted while with the pair at luncheon on the afternoon of October 11th. His skull was fractured by heavy blows from a hammer, and \$500 in bills was taken by Andrews from him.

Andrews and the woman fled, and their trail was lost. Every effort of the police was balked until Monday, where detectives located the couple at their lodgings. Ellis was able after the attack to get away and notify the police. As the days went on he gave much detail of his acquaintance with Andrews and the woman.

This led to the uncovering of his murderous assailant's identity as the man who was wanted at Colorado Springs for the horrible murder last year of Mrs. Bessie Bouton. Andrews kept in hiding, but from the East day after day came more revelations. Andrews was accused of the murder of Eugene Bosworth of New Britain, Conn., and with the slaying of a woman of the half-world at Troy, N. Y. In all of these crimes the motive was robbery.

Hall of Science for San Jose.

San Jose.—The construction of a hall of science, to cost \$30,000, will be begun by the College of Notre Dame in this city soon.

There are some June apple trees in an orchard near Igo, Shasta county, that are now bearing their second crop for the year. The most remarkable feature about the phenomena is that immediately after the first crop was harvested the grasshoppers visited the Igo section and stripped the trees completely of leaves, even cutting off many of the small branches. Soon after the grasshoppers got through with the trees the limbs began to send forth new leaves, blossoms came and now the owner is gathering his second crop of June apples.

United States Senator Frank P. Flint, Congressman James McLachlan, State Senator John N. Anderson and a group of representatives of Orange county commercial bodies visited Newport Beach last week and examined the possibilities of making a deep-water harbor there. An active campaign is to be undertaken to secure appropriations for dredging and establishing a harbor in the bay, which several years ago was an important shipping point.

Articles of incorporation of the Santa Rosa Coffee Club were filed last week at Santa Rosa. The club is organized under the plan of the California Coffee Club Association, and will have its headquarters in the new Masonic Temple, now in course of construction. The club is to be conducted under the auspices of the members of the City Union of Young People's Societies. All of the denominations of the City of Roses are interested in the movement.

Little Lessons in Patriotism

Henry Knox, a Boston bookseller, was one of the most active of the colonists in their opposition to England that terminated in the Revolutionary War.



After the battles of Lexington and Concord he hastened to join the Continental Army, abandoning his business and devoting his entire thought to the liberty of his country. He fought gallantly in the battle of Bunker Hill. When Washington joined the army he promoted Knox to the rank of colonel. In laying siege to the city of Mifflin he found himself embarrassed by the want of sufficient artillery, and Knox conceived the idea of obtaining a supply from Lake George and the Canadian frontier. Knox set out in November on this hazardous enterprise. By extraordinary efforts he was able to return in December, having succeeded in his mission. He brought with him fifty-five cannon, 2,300 pounds of lead and a barrel of flints.

Before the battle of Trenton, Knox was sent by Washington to cross the Delaware and march on the place. This he did before the stream became choked with ice. Halting on the bank of the stream, in the enemy's country, while Washington and his army were struggling amid the floating ice in the darkness, he directed their advance to a landing. He then pushed on his guns through a blinding snowstorm and was soon in front of the Hessians.

ESTRADA PALMA, RENOMINATED FOR PRESIDENT OF CUBA.



Estrada Palma, who was renominated by the moderate party for the presidency of the Republic of Cuba, has been called "the Roosevelt of Cuba." President Palma, though fast approaching his seventieth year, does not look his age by ten years, and is as active and progressive as he ever was in his life, which has been devoted to the cause of Cuban independence and development. In the Cuban rebellion of 1898 he was a general in the republican army and later president of the provisional government. He was captured and taken to Spain, where his estates were confiscated because he persistently refused to swear allegiance.

A Royal Treasure-House.

At Marlborough House the plate-room contains what is probably the most valuable collection of treasures in any private house in England. The room is underground and lighted by electricity, the walls being lined by bookcases containing many rare volumes presented to King Edward and the Prince of Wales from time to time, forming a valuable library. In big iron safes in the center of the room is stored away a wonderful collection of gold and silver plate, including two enormous silver pilgrim bottles presented by Alexander III. of Russia to King Edward, and a priceless embossed gold shield, which was a present to the sovereign from a number of Indian princes.

Steals Clock While Court Sat.

A Chinese carrying a ladder walked into one of the police courts in Singapore the other day. Removing his hat, he bowed with grace to the judge on the bench. Over the latter's seat was a valuable clock. This the Chinese quietly removed, tucked it under one arm and the ladder under the other, bowed again to the magistrate and withdrew. Some days elapsed and the clock was not returned. It had been stolen while the court was sitting.

Not for Him.

Mrs. Newlied—It's just brutal of you to call it "this stuff." You said you'd be glad if I baked my own bread and—

Mr. Newlied—Yes, but I didn't say I wanted you to bake mine.—Philadelphia Press.

His Well-Known Garment.

Walter—A thief has stolen your overcoat, sir.

Customer—Never mind. I'll get it back. Every pawnbroker in town knows my overcoat.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Every day will be Sunday by and by; but you won't know it.

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To keep open and continue business as if there were no insurance; he must not close his doors and wait for an adjuster.
That the Insurance Company will not take care of or take possession of his premises or of his saved property. That any loss caused by his negligence to protect and care for his property at or after a fire is not covered by the insurance contract; and
That all of the value of the property saved belongs to the insured, and all of the loss and loss expenses thereon up to the face of the policy is chargeable to the insurance.
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PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WHAT IS WRONG WITH SOCIETY?



The idea in the air at the present time is that the more complex life becomes the less pleasant; that in the making of mere machines is no lasting joy; that our vaunted progress has been in our manufactures only; and that individuals are neither better nor happier, but rather worse and more miserable, than they ever were. It is the absence of reciprocity that makes life such a dull business. Tea parties, garden parties, dinners, almost our only openings for social intercourse—everybody jeers at them, everybody goes to them, and suffers an exposition of dullness. Why? Because the desire to please is absent from the minds of most of the people we meet. Go to an entertainment and ask yourself afterwards why you have or have not enjoyed it; and you will find the reason in the attitude of the people present towards you. You may take plenty of diverting conversation yourself, and come away with it all on your hands, because the atmosphere, for some reason or other, was charged with antagonism. Or you may, if you are a person of consequence, come away with the flattering sense of having been a social success, because people thought it worth their while to pay you great attention. But seldom in society, as it is at present constituted, do people's hearts expand to each other in the genial glow of a mutual desire to please.

We all of us know all about the simple life. In the song it is asserted that the lark said, "Give us glory," but the dove said, "Give us peace." The dove, however, indignantly repudiated this assertion. She declared that what she did say was, "Give us love, and give us peace." And there is much to be said for the dove's contention. But after all it is what we have in ourselves that decides it. If we cultivate right thinking, right speaking and right doing, all other matters will arrange themselves in the right way.

THE TERRORS OF HOUSEKEEPING.



JULIET V. STRAUSS

On taking up my pen to write a few lines, I had thought of placing above them the legend, "Of Interest to Men." We so frequently see above articles about dress and society and house furnishings the words "Of Interest to Women." It occurred to me that perhaps some jaded son of Adam might like to read a few words on the "servant question" that were not what we call in newspaper parlance "a roar."

The women all agree that the outlook is black; that the scarcity of servants menaces our homes; that, in view of the difficulties of housekeeping, young people are afraid to marry, and that domestic anarchy and race suicide are imminent.

I get so tired of this incessant complaint I wonder what it must be to men whose minds are already harassed with business and the stern problem of making a living for families bitten by the mad dog style and extravagance that has for several years been turned loose among our women.

The curse that has come upon our nation is the desire to live without work. We are all tarred with the same stick, master and man, mistress and maid; each has decided that, for some reason or other, we are too fine for toil; that work is too hard for us; that we cannot degrade ourselves by working with our hands.

If the first woman who preached woman's rights in sentimental vein could have been suppressed, this inundation of females who are too fine to work might have been spared us. The woman who first preached that the kitchen is degrading and recommended that women get out of it has a dreadful sin to answer for.

If I were called upon to name the crying sin of the women of to-day, I should unhesitatingly say, "Idleness."

They are dawdlers—silly creatures, keeping up a pretense of work at things of no importance and letting the holiest obligations of life lie unheeded all around them.

When a woman has become a wife and mother her first

duty to society is to make a creditable home and look after the bodily and spiritual welfare of husband and children. I place bodily first because the spirit fades and dies when the body is neglected.

The woman who fails in this, who intrusts the duties of housekeeping to incompetent hirelings while she trots about to clubs and social "functions" (anathemas on the word!) is just simply a big failure as a woman. She is a nonentity, she produces nothing, she is a factor in nothing.

If her complexion is good and her hair perfectly groomed, her hands soft and her nails properly manicured, if she dresses handsomely and has a social instinct and a fine "manner," so much the worse; her failure is the more complete. These luxurious accomplishments amount to nothing. They only render the woman more useless—more of a dead weight for somebody to drag.

Women complain of the monotony of housework. I think it is the least monotonous of all labor. There is so much time to intersperse it with variety. My old dog-eared copy of Shakespeare lies in close communion with the cook book. The daily paper reposes in the rocking chair with my bit of sewing. There is a delightfully shabby old lounge upon which I lie down and rest now and then.

I do not overwork if I can possibly avoid it. There is a beautiful cleanliness about housekeeping that will kill any woman who attempts it, therefore I never attempt it, satisfying myself with a medium of decency equally removed from disorder and fastidiousness.

THE TOO UNSELFISH MOTHER.



By Angela Morgan.

I have a letter from a mother who, after a life of complete self-sacrifice in the interests of her children, finds herself, at the age of 50, utterly without the care and devotion she has a right to expect from them.

The bitter part is that they make her feel her dependence, seeming to be utterly oblivious of their debt to her. After all her years of self-denial and suffering for their sakes she is now compelled to feel that whatever they do for her is a strain upon them.

The key to your unhappy situation, my dear woman, lies in your own confession that all your life you have sacrificed yourself for your children, demanding "absolutely nothing" in return.

By your own attitude you have taught your children to neglect you and to disregard your rights. By your own actions you have fostered this tendency in them. You have planted selfishness in their natures, and then have persistently encouraged its growth.

If you slight yourself others will fall in line with your meager concept of your own rights. If your ruling passion is to help everybody except yourself, you will discover that people will cheerfully permit you to do it.

SEX IS NO JUSTIFICATION FOR THE MURDERER.



By Everett P. Wheeler.

In the United States it is safer to be a murderer than a brakeman. The percentage of deaths in the former class is smaller than in the latter. The reason why murderers are put to death is because they have shown a willingness and a skill sufficient to enable them to kill with premeditation those whom the law should protect. The only way to insure this protection is by making it impossible for this particular guilty person to commit the crime again. Mistaken clemency in this respect has often caused the death of innocent persons, as in the recent case of the Greek premier.

So far as the question of sex is concerned, all experience shows that, while really good women are more generous and self-sacrificing than the best of men, bad women are worse and more dangerous to society. They are more sly, more crafty, and when they have played their game and been detected find it easy to appeal to a false sentiment which leads many to ask for a remission of the just consequence of a deliberately chosen course of conduct. Men may talk of inhumanity, but as Wellington said, "There is nothing so inhuman as impunity."

teach. She had good food, she had £30 a year over and above her private income, she had occasional holidays and two evening dresses, and in course of time a still further blessing was to befall her.

The further blessing came when she had been with the Pawlings for about



"I'M GLAD," SHE SNAPPED.

four years, and it was beginning to be said by papa and mamma that the eldest of the dear little boys certainly ought to go to school now. As he was by far the hardest and most persistent kicker of the three, Beatrice heard this without regret; a governess would still be wanted for the other two. It was at this time that Mr. Pawling's old friend, Mr. Yardley, came to stay at the house.

Mr. Yardley was a youth of about 45, by profession a stock broker, unmarried, priding himself somewhat on a gallant manner with the ladies. He was chubby, tubby and clean-shaven. His hair was very thin on the top of his head and he took something for it. He had an income of £2,000 a year and the most commonplace mind in the city, and he enjoyed both of them thoroughly. His was a mind that would never make a fortune or come to wreck. He was distinctly satisfied with himself. I do not know whether his friends and intimate relations had told him so or whether he had found it all out for himself, but at the moment when he came on that visit to the Pawlings the decision was firm and hot within him that he must not lead this gay butterfly life any longer. He must settle down.

His gallant but perfectly polite eye fell upon Beatrice Venner. In the drawing room after dinner he inquired if she was fond of music, and added, as he always did, that he himself was devoted to it, though he was no performer. Pulled up somewhat short by Beatrice's frank confession that she did not care for music in the least, he added, with a reasonable desire to please, that he himself knew that there were other things, and that he could get along very well without it.

The conversation passed to other topics. That day, and the next day, and the next, it was quite obvious to Mrs. Pawling that Mr. Yardley was paying marked attention to the governess.

There was no illegitimate secrecy about the man. That evening in the smoking room he explained portentously to Mr. Pawling his decision to marry Mr. Pawling's governess.

"Good heavens! you don't say so?" said Mr. Pawling. "Well," he added, "she's a very good girl, and this will be a rare bit of luck for her."

Beatrice Venner accepted the rare bit of luck with meekness and gratitude. It was true that she was not in the least in love with Mr. Yardley, but she admired his income and his other estimable qualities. Certainly, too, she was not in love with anybody else. She received many congratulations. The letter from her sister Ellen was of a somewhat sub-acid character, implying that she did not expect that they would see much of Beatrice down at Brixton after this. She also added that conscientious scruples would not allow her husband and herself to be present at a wedding in a church. This did not prevent Beatrice from being married in the church, in a beautiful white dress and a beautiful lace veil, with two bridesmaids, with the youngest Pawling boy as a page, with "The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden" and, generally speaking, with pomp.

She was quite happy in a placid way for some time after her marriage, and she did not drop the sister down at Brixton. Beatrice had no children, and her sister had many. Beatrice thought of adopting one of them. Her husband, kindly but firmly, thought not. She had been married eight

years and the edge of the luxuries had worn off; her remarkable luck had become quite commonplace, and she was beginning to find her husband a very slow man with a tendency to hypochondria, and one day she went to Brixton to her sister's squalid abode to play a game with her sister's new baby, which was a perfect beauty.

She was late in returning and found that her husband had already got back from the city and was going round the gardens. It was springtime, and she found him standing in the orchard, his frock coat and his silk hat still on him, looking grotesquely out of place. He pointed out the fruit prospects with gravity and with some knowledge of the subject. "It's a queer thing," he said, "that this one tree has got no blossom on it at all."

"I'm glad," she snapped furiously. He stared at her with his little eyes wide open.

"No, I am not glad," she added quickly, and pressed her lips to the rough bark of the tree and kissed it.

"My dear child," he said in gentle remonstrance, "have you gone quite mad?"

"No," she said, "but I think I shall." Then she ran into the house, and he followed laboriously to inquire what she was crying about.—Barry Pain in the Tatler.

ON TREACHEROUS GROUND.

Fearful Experience of Hunter Trapped in Quicksand and Saved.

"You must be careful of your ground," my host warned, as, gun in hand, I was about to set out for a few hours' shooting. I laughed.

With a glorious afternoon before me I felt my spirits rise. There was a crispness in the air that boded well for sport. Beneath my feet the ground heaved and quivered as when one treads upon a sponge. But I cared not, for where the grass grew short and thickest there I knew the ground would bear.

Tired, but satisfied with my sport, I had arrived within a quarter of a mile of the bog's edge, when from a clump of rushes a loud quacking told me that ducks were near.

Whether the birds saw me or not I cannot say, but of a sudden they rose. Thinking to get a better view of them, I moved some yards to right, and gave them the contents of both barrels. As I did so my right foot sank into the ground. In a flash it passed through my mind what had occurred. I wrenched it free. The mud gurgled, and the effort sunk my left leg to the knee. Again I struggled. This time I found it impossible to raise either leg above the ground.

The mud soon reached my elbows. I tried to collect my thoughts. My eyes fell on my gun. Better far to end my sufferings quickly than to feel the cold mud oozing about my neck, then creeping up, icy as a serpent, towards my mouth, and then—

Across the bog the lights from my friend's house gleamed.

The horrible sensation of sinking had ceased. Under my feet it seemed to be solid ground.

Was it a shout that I heard, or was it some wild freak of fancy? It came from behind me. With an effort I looked over my shoulder. I saw a light—a bright yellow light.

I fired my gun. A score of startled ducks rose and vanished noisily into the darkness. The light drew nearer, and a few minutes later, to my joy, I heard my friend's cheery voice. With the help of ropes and planks I was soon rescued from my perilous position, half frozen.—Chicago Tribune.

Blaine a Great Speaker.

James G. Blaine was a most versatile political orator. He would speak many times a day from one train, which stopped at every important place, and have something new to say each time. He carefully thought up his speech between stations after a brief talk with the committee of the town he was coming to, and then corrected immediately afterward the notes which were taken by his own stenographer. He said to me in the campaign of 1884:

"I want you to introduce me all through New York, because you are always sure-footed."

I appreciated the compliment as well as the difficulties of the situation. I introduced him at Yonkers, Tarrytown, Sing Sing, and he said: "What is the next place?" I said: "Peekskill." "What is there to Peekskill?" he asked. I told him I was born there. "Why," said Blaine, "I have always thought you were born at Poughkeepsie." I had some difficulty of convincing him of my mistake.

When we arrived at Peekskill there was an immense crowd which had come in from twenty-five to thirty miles around. As I stepped forward to introduce him, with great dramatic effect he pushed me back and said: "No, no, fellow citizens, let me do the introducing here. As I have passed up and down your noble Hudson upon its unequalled floating palaces for the past twenty-five years, I have felt the inspiration of its scenery, made famous by the genius of Irving, but the deepest and tenderest emotions possessed me when the steamer was opposite Peekskill, 'for,' I said, 'there, there was born my oldest and best friend, Chauncey Depew.'"

He was capable of an equally sudden grasp of situations where the occasion was much more serious.—Senator Depew, in Leslie's Weekly.

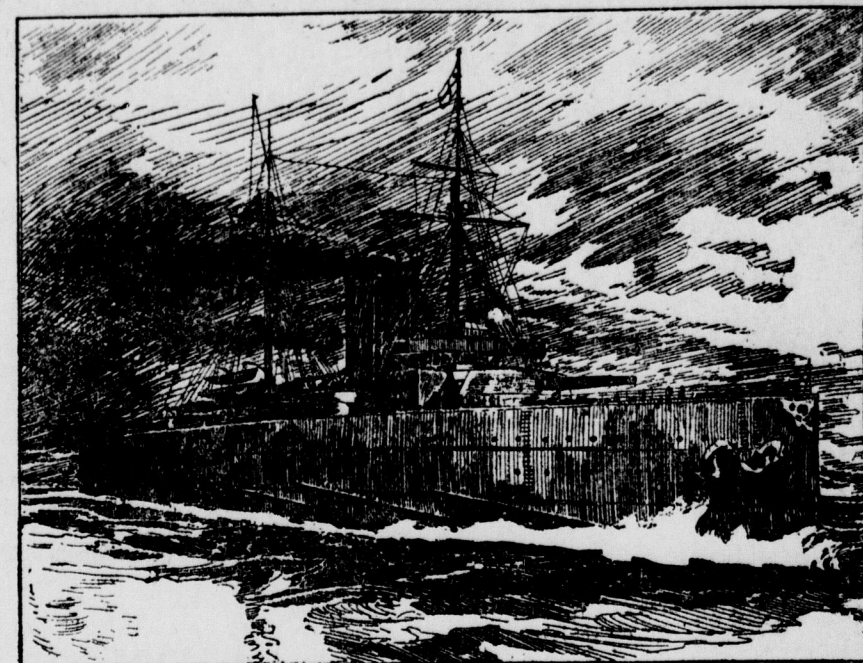
The Landlord Miscalculated.

Departing Guest—Do you permit your servants to accept little presents?

Summer Landlord—Great Scott! You haven't any money left, have you?—Cleveland Leader.

BRITAIN TO HAVE MIGHTIEST BATTLESHIP

H. M. S. Dreadnought, 18,000 Tons, Is Planned to Be the Largest and Heaviest Man-of-War Afloat.



The British are about to begin the construction of the largest, heaviest, most powerful and most costly battleship ever built, and intend to have the pennant flying from her mast within sixteen months after the date on which the first keel plates are laid.

This invincible and invulnerable war vessel is to be named Dreadnought, and the British admiralty has designed her to be capable of equaling her name. She will mount more heavy guns than any two battleships now afloat; will be able to withstand an attack from a submarine, and if she happens to touch off a floating mine will be able to continue afloat until a port is reached. In addition to these enviable virtues, the Dreadnought will also have great speed, and, if she wants to "turn tail" her engines, developing a speed of 21 knots an hour, will enable her to outdistance any too pressing foe. Even if overtaken, the very thick armor plating will enable her to stand unusual punishment, and for dealing with torpedo boats she will have a small battery of one-pounders and six-pounders. She will also be armed with torpedo tubes, but will be unique in having no secondary battery.

No details of the armor to be placed on the Dreadnought have been given, but it is known that she will be the most completely armored ship afloat. Her armor alone will weigh about 5,000 tons. In gunpower the Dreadnought is designed to be the most formidable warship ever seen. No battleship in the world to-day carries more than four 12-inch guns, but the Dreadnought will mount no fewer than ten, or two and a half times as many as any ship afloat. This enormous battery of 12-inch rifles will have a combined muzzle energy of 480,000 foot-tons. Each of these big guns will throw a shell weighing 850 pounds, the combined battery being able to throw over four tons of projectiles at one discharge. The Dreadnought will be able to throw this immense weight of metal a distance of five or six miles, at which range the shells would pierce the armor of practically any battleship afloat.

Progress in Battleships.

There has been a wonderful advance in the development of battleships within the last ten years. In 1895 Great Britain had twenty-three armored ships, each of more than 10,000 tons. To-day, if there are included the ships being built, she has sixty. In 1895 the heaviest British battleship was the Royal Sovereign, of 14,260 tons. There were eight ships of

this type, and they were regarded as the finest afloat.

France at that time had fourteen battleships, each of over 10,000 tons displacement, the largest being the Bouvet, of 12,205 tons. There are now twenty-six battleships, each of more than 10,000 tons, in the French navy, the heaviest being the Demographic class, now building, ships of 14,635 tons. Italy, in 1895, had ten battleships ranking above the 10,000-ton class, the heaviest being the Lepanto, a 15,900-ton ship, built in 1883, and so heavily armed and armored that she almost found it difficult to get out of her own way. She is now ranked as a second-class battleship; but she is not considered fit to stand even in that line. The Italia, sister ship to the Lepanto, was built in 1880, and was for many years the largest battleship afloat. She represents an early attempt to build a monster battleship, but, apart from size, she has never been considered at all formidable. Italy now has fourteen battleships, each over 10,000 tons, the heaviest being the Regina Margherita, 13,124 tons.

In 1895 the United States and Germany were equal as to battleships of over 10,000 tons. Each had four: the United States had the heaviest ship in the Iowa, of 11,340 tons. Germany's four were uniformly 10,300 tons. Now Germany has eighteen heavy battleships, and six building. The United States has twelve, with thirteen building and two projected. The heaviest German battleships to-day are her 12,997-ton class; the heaviest in the United States is the Connecticut class, 16,000 tons.

The wars of the United States with Spain and Japan with Russia have not been without their lessons to the naval powers, and the tendency is to build larger and heavier battleships, so that they may carry more tremendous batteries. The determination to build these enormous ships was arrived at only after considerable discussion. It was thought by some naval constructors that more units, each of considerable power, were to be desired above a few battleships of the greatest power.

It was thought that the Dreadnought would be the last word in warship construction for many years, but now it appears that Japan is to build three battleships of 19,000 tons each. Germany is reported to be considering a 20,000-ton warship, and France next year is to lay down one of 20,500 tons. Perhaps the contest will end in universal peace, for there is a limit to battleship construction, and if it is not reached in the Dreadnought, it at least must be near.



The hay fever serum or pollinane of Dr. Dunbar of Hamburg is shown to have proven very effective. Having first proven that hay fever is due to the pollen poison from grasses, cereals and other plants, the investigator sought a preventive by repeated vaccination of animals with the pollen of pollen. The antitoxin thus produced in the blood serum neutralizes the poisonous effect of pollen in the eyes and nose. The serum is not injected under the skin, like others, but simply applied to nose and eyes.

The precision of modern observations brings to light unexpected facts. At the Paris Observatory Jean Mascart has noticed that the surface of a thin layer of mercury is not plane, but undulated like water disturbed by the plunge of a stone, and has also detected another movement that proves to be a true tide, due to the sun and moon. The measurements have been made repeatedly during the month with the six microscopes of the instrument. The tidal motion is slight, but greater than the possible errors.

The "auxetophone" is an attachment for reinforcing the sounds given forth by phonographs and gramophones, invented by Mr. C. A. Parsons, the inventor of the steam turbine, and Mr. Horace Short. A small valve of peculiar construction controls the ad-

mission into the trumpet of compressed air supplied from a pump or bellows. The action of the apparatus is compared in the Scientific American to that of an air relay, whereby not only are greater power and volume imparted to the sounds, but the fullness and richness of tone are heightened. It is said that on a calm day the auxetophone can be heard distinctly at a distance of two or three miles, and that in speech every word may be clearly distinguished as much as 500 yards away.

Everybody has noticed how friction generates electricity, whether on the back of a petted cat, or on a rubbed glass or gutta-percha rod, or at the fingers' ends of a person who has vigorously shuffled his feet over a dry carpet. Sparks can often be drawn from swiftly moving belts on machinery, and in weaving and spinning processes the fibers sometimes accumulate troublesome electric charges. A method known as the Chapman process has been devised for neutralizing the static electricity generated in cotton and paper mills, printing press rooms and other places. It consists of a transformer stepping up an alternating current to 10,000 or 20,000 volts and an inductor composed of fine steel wires encased in hard rubber, and arranged with its points placed above the web or other object in which the static electricity is to be neutralized. Charges passing from the points produce the desired effect.

A small boy's idea of the board of health is six meals daily.

The Lucky Woman

WHEN they were respectively of the ages of 18 and 19 it became necessary for the two Misses Venners to do something for themselves. They were orphans, and they divided between them a fortune of £50 a year. The elder and plainer of the two, Ellen Venner, took her own strong line at once. She married a dissenting minister and made for herself a little home at Brixton. The more vulgar of her acquaintances said that it was no great catch.

Beatrice, the younger sister, was fortunate enough to obtain the post of governess to Mrs. Pawling's three dear little boys; moreover, she retained her post, and won for herself some portion of the respect and good will of Mr. and Mrs. Pawling. The three dear little boys kicked her with almost unnecessary profusion and learned very little from her. But then, boys will be boys, and, if we are to be frank, it must be admitted that Beatrice Venner had very little to

UNCLE SAM—"A Remedy That Has Such Endorsements Should Be In Every Home."



Election Returns That Interest All Parties.

Turn About.
Mrs. Gusher—Dearest, if I die first I shall wait for you on the other shore.
Mr. Gusher—That will be no more than right. I have to wait for you whenever we go any place in this world.—Cleveland Leader.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

To Be Married in October.
She—But do you really like me just as I am?
He (enthusiastically)—Just as you are! There isn't a single thing about you that I would change except your name.—Somerville Journal.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.
WALDING, KINMAN & MARTIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Don't stand and talk for hours with the postman. Other people want to get their mail as well as you.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.
Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot, swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns, Ingrowing Nails and Bunions. All Druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

Gone.
Tess—Yes, she said her husband married her for her beauty. What do you think of that?
Jess—Well, I think her husband must feel like a widower now.—Philadelphia Press.

Avoid colds by drinking Kentucky Favorite Whiskey. Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco.

Divination seems heightened to its highest power in woman.—Alcott.

Let what you learn in the house of a friend be sacred. Yet it were no betrayal of hospitality to say, "He keeps Old Gilt Edge whisky on his buffet." Wholesale at 28-31 Battery St., S. F. Wichman, Lutgen & Co.

Very large, thick lips are a sign of sensuality.

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You don't like those gray hairs, do you? And your husband certainly doesn't like them. Then why not try a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor? It restores color to gray hair every time, all the deep, rich color of early life. And it cures dandruff also.

"I certainly believe that Ayer's Hair Vigor is a splendid preparation for the hair and scalp, for I have used it more or less for six years. I can cheerfully recommend it to anyone in need of such a preparation."—Mrs. KATE HOYT, Minneapolis, Minn.

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Also manufacturers of
SARSAPARILLA PILLS.
CHERRY PECTORAL.

Matter of Sex.
His Wife—They say every man has an ideal woman that he never mentions to his wife.
Her Husband—Yes, I suppose so—just as every woman has an ideal man that she is everlastingly throwing at her husband's head.

A Fool Thing.
"Old Scadds was such a crank I suppose he left his money to some fool thing."
"Yes."
"What was it?"
"Young Scadds."—Houston Post.

Unacquainted.
"Do you know anything about this note?" asked the man from the collection agency, sternly.
The impecunious one looked at the paper carefully.
"No," he decided. "I can't say that I ever met it."—Cleveland Leader.

Special Terms.
"And have you any special terms for summer girls when they come in a party?" asked the pretty brunette in the mountain hotel.
"Yes, indeed," responded the clerk, suavely.
"And what are they?"
"Peaches and 'dears.'"

A Narrow Escape.
Mrs. Nuritch—Yes, we were going to leave our flat for the summer and take a bungalow at Benton Beach.
Mrs. Ascum—Why didn't you?
Mrs. Nuritch—We discovered at the last minute that the bungalow had no elevator in it—just fancy!—Philadelphia Press.

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BRUISES
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Price, 25c. and 50c.

His Moderation.
Some years ago an Englishman visiting Washington met a statesman who gave a most startling account of the corruption existing in the government and the terrible struggle he had against it. "Do you mean to say, sir," asked the stranger seriously, "that you are the only honest man in the American government?" "Well," replied the statesman, stroking his beard meditatively—"I wouldn't go so far as that. There may be four or five more somewhere!"

Youngest Organist.
The youngest professional organist in the world is Kathleen Mills, who presides over the great organ in the Catholic church at Ougar, Essex, Eng. The regular organist falling ill, little Miss Mills took her place and played for several Sundays with such skill on the instrument that all the people were astonished when they found out that a child of 11 years was presiding over the keys and stops.



"Do you think lynching puts down criminals?"
"Now! I think it raises them up."

Housewives to Blame.
Miss Anna Barrows, in a recent lecture at Chautauqua, gives another reason why girls should study domestic science. She says in the matter of pure food it is the ignorance of the consumer rather than the duplicity of the producer that is to blame for the trouble we are having, and hence advises women to study for themselves so they will know when an article is pure.

The Greatest Invention.
"What do you consider the greatest invention of modern times?"
"The phonograph," answered the political boss, who was having trouble with some of his lequacious subordinates. "It never says a thing that hasn't been told to it by somebody that knows what he is talking about."—Washington Star.

Safer.
"Do you mean to say you trusted your money to a man you didn't know?"
"Why, yes," replied the lady. "I've been cheated so many times by 'old friends of the family' that I thought I'd try a new tack."—Detroit Free Press.

Her View of It.
Him—Kansas is a prohibition State, you know, and in most of the towns nearly every other business place is a drug store.
She—My goodness! I'd hate to live in a place where there were no real complexions.

Persian Dinners.
Persian dinners are very much like ours, only turned the wrong way round. The feast is preceded by pipes while tea and sweets are handed about. Then the servants of the house appear, bringing in a long leather sheet, which they spread in the middle of the floor. The guests squat around this, tailor-fashion. When all are seated, a flat loaf of bread is placed before every one, and the band then commences to play. The various dishes are brought in on trays, and arranged around the leather sheet at intervals. The covers are then removed, the host says "Bismillah" (in the name of God), and without another word they all fall to.

After Alfonso.
Ralph Peters, the new president and general manager of the Long Island Railroad, has a new joke which he declares was cabled to him from Paris. It has to do with the recent attempt to assassinate King Alfonso of Spain when he was riding through Paris in a carriage with President Loubet of France.

"Whom are they after?" Mr. Peters declares the king asked the president.
"After you, my dear Alfonso," replied the French chief executive, without a smile.

Suspicious.
"But, Rosa, if you have no talent for painting, why not take up chemistry?"
"Impossible, papa. The other members of the Emancipated Club would think I was trying to learn cooking in a roundabout way."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Secret of Success.
"To what do you attribute your phenomenal success?" asked the medical student.
"To my ability in mastering the art of concealing my ignorance," answered the old physician.

Robt. F. Gallagher, expert Court Reporter for over 20 years, who holds the world's record for shorthand writing teaches shorthand by mail. Learn shorthand at home, then come to the city, secure a position as stenographer and attend evening school for book-keeping and business training. Don't waste your opportunities; employ your leisure time to best advantage. Send for catalogue of Gallagher-Van Busch College, 391 Market St., San Francisco, for full particulars. This college turns out more clever stenographers than all other business colleges in California combined. Don't delay, write today—now!

A man, acknowledging a lady's recognition in a restaurant or hotel dining room, should rise partly from his chair.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Eucalypti Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Information Wanted.
"During the campaign," said the political boss, "you must never fail to hold up American industries."
"For how much?" asked the innocent candidate.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900

Will you Draw Check.
Bank Cashier—You have overdrawn your account, madam.
Lovely Lady—That is just like me; My husband says I am always exaggerating everything.—Somerville Journal.

RHEUMATISM

BODY RACKED WITH PAIN

No other bodily suffering is equal to that produced by the pain of Rheumatism. When the poisons and acids, which cause this disease, become entrenched in the blood there is hardly any part of the body that is not affected. The muscles become sore and drawn, the nerves twitch and sting, the joints inflame and swell, the bones ache, every movement is one of agony, and the entire body is racked with pain. Rheumatism is brought on by indigestion, stomach troubles, torpid Liver, weak Kidneys and a general inactive state of the system. The refuse matter instead of passing off through nature's avenues is left to sour and form uric acid, and other acid poisons which are absorbed into the blood. Rheumatism does not affect all alike. In some cases it takes a wandering form; it may be in the arms or legs one day and in the shoulders, feet, hands, back or other parts of the body the next. Others suffer more seriously, and are never free from pain. The uric acid and other irritating substances find lodgment in the muscles and joints and as these deposits increase the muscles become stiff and the joints locked and immovable. It matters not in what form the disease may be the cause is always the same—a sour, acid condition of the blood. This vital stream has lost its purity and freshness, and instead of nourishing and feeding the different parts with health-giving properties, it fills them with the acids and salts of this painful and far-reaching disease. The cold and dampness of Winter always intensify the pains of Rheumatism, and the sufferer to get relief from the agony, rubs the affected parts with liniments, oils, lotions, etc., or uses plasters and other home remedies. These are desirable because they give temporary ease and comfort but have no effect on the real trouble which is in the blood and beyond the reach of such treatment. S. S. S. is the best remedy for Rheumatism. It goes into the blood and attacks the disease at its head, and by neutralizing and driving out the acids and building up the thin, sour blood it cures the disease permanently. While cleansing the blood S. S. S. tones up the stomach, digestion and every other part of the system, soothes the excited nerves, reduces the inflammation, dissolves the deposits in the joints, relieves all pain and completely cures this distressing disease. S. S. S. is a certain cure for Rheumatism in any form; Muscular, Inflammatory, Articular or Sciatic. Special book on the disease and any medical advice, without charge, to all who write. **THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

About fifteen years ago I had a severe attack of Rheumatism and could not work with any satisfaction. My legs were badly swollen and drawn so I could scarcely walk. I tried many remedies but could get no relief. I was finally recommended to try S. S. S. and it soon cured me sound and well. I am now 74 years old and have never had any return of the trouble.
JOSEPH FROME HAWLEY,
Box 104, Aurora, Ill.

Sometime ago I had Rheumatism and had to quit work. The pains in my back and between my shoulders was so intense I could not rest or sleep. I tried everything but nothing did me any good till I heard of and took S. S. S. This medicine cured me sound and well. It purified my blood and made me feel like a new man.
CONRAD LOHR,
Anderson, Ind. 132 E. 19th St.

S.S.S.
PURELY VEGETABLE.
up the stomach, digestion and every other part of the system, soothes the excited nerves, reduces the inflammation, dissolves the deposits in the joints, relieves all pain and completely cures this distressing disease. S. S. S. is a certain cure for Rheumatism in any form; Muscular, Inflammatory, Articular or Sciatic. Special book on the disease and any medical advice, without charge, to all who write. **THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

Chance to Lose Her.
They were about to go for a sail on the lake.
"Shall we—er—take your chaperon with us?" queried the young man.
"Will there be any danger?" she asked.
"Well, the boat might capsize," replied the youth.
"Then let us take her along by all means," said the fair damsel.

A Great Light Breaks.
Proser—"Your friend Barrett is dead."
Poet—"Impossible! Why, I was at his rooms last night reading my latest poem to him."
Proser—"Come along with me to the inquest, then. The coroner is still in the dark as to what caused that sudden relapse."—Cleveland Leader.

Grounds for Action.
Scribbles—Have you seen my new book?
Criticus—No; what's the title of it?
Scribbles—"The Unmasking of a Humbug."
Criticus—What! Do you mean to tell me that you have written your autobiography?

Not So Remarkable.
Parker—Hear about the fire this morning? Seven people barely escaped with their lives. Remarkable, wasn't it?
Kerwin—I fail to see anything very remarkable about it.
Parker—Why, isn't it remarkable that the seven people escaped with their lives?
Kerwin—No. Had they escaped without their lives it would have been truly remarkable.

Strenuous Life.
"Say," roared the irate citizen as he rushed into the office of the village weekly, "where's the editor?"
"Want to see him personally?" queried the office boy.
"You bet I do," answered the i. e. "I'm going to thrash him within an inch of his life. See?"
"Oh, all right," answered the boy. "Just have a seat, please. There are three others ahead of you."

An Old Traveler.
Hotel Clerk—There is not a room left in the house, and we cannot put you up except in the landlord's room.
Guest—That'll do; but can you stow my luggage in a place where it will be safe?—Je Sais Tout.

HIGH CLASS DRUGGISTS

AND — OTHERS.

The better class of druggists, everywhere, are men of scientific attainments and high integrity, who devote their lives to the welfare of their fellow men in supplying the best of remedies and purest medicinal agents of known value, in accordance with physicians' prescriptions and scientific formula. Druggists of the better class manufacture many excellent remedies, but always under original or official names and they never sell false brands, or imitation medicines. They are the men to deal with when in need of anything in their line, which usually includes all standard remedies and corresponding adjuncts of a first-class pharmacy and the finest and best of toilet articles and preparations and many useful accessories and remedial appliances. The earning of a fair living, with the satisfaction which arises from a knowledge of the benefits conferred upon their patrons and assistance to the medical profession, is usually their greatest reward for long years of study and many hours of daily toil. They all know that Syrup of Figs is an excellent laxative remedy and that it gives universal satisfaction, and therefore they are selling many millions of bottles annually to the well informed purchasers of the choicest remedies, and they always take pleasure in handing out the genuine article bearing the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package. They know that in cases of colds and headaches attended by biliousness and constipation and of weakness or torpidity of the liver and bowels, arising from irregular habits, indigestion, or over-eating, that there is no other remedy so pleasant, prompt and beneficial in its effects as Syrup of Figs, and they are glad to sell it because it gives universal satisfaction.

Owing to the excellence of Syrup of Figs, the universal satisfaction which it gives and the immense demand for it, imitations have been made, tried and condemned, but there are individual druggists to be found, here and there, who do not maintain the dignity and principles of the profession and whose greed gets the better of their judgment, and who do not hesitate to recommend and try to sell the imitations in order to make a larger profit. Such preparations sometimes have the name—"Syrup of Figs"—or "Fig Syrup"—and of some piratical concern, or fictitious fig syrup company, printed on the package, but they never have the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of the package. The imitations should be rejected because they are injurious to the system. In order to sell the imitations they find it necessary to resort to misrepresentation or deception, and whenever a dealer passes off on a customer a preparation under the name of "Syrup of Figs" or "Fig Syrup," which does not bear the full name of the California Fig Syrup Co. printed on the front of the package, he is attempting to deceive and mislead the patron who has been so unfortunate as to enter his establishment, whether it be large or small, for if the dealer resorts to misrepresentation and deception in one case he will do so with other medicinal agents, and in the filling of physicians' prescriptions, and should be avoided by every one who values health and happiness. Knowing that the great majority of druggists are reliable, we supply the immense demand for our excellent remedy entirely through the druggists, of whom it may be purchased everywhere, in original packages only, at the regular price of fifty cents per bottle, but as exceptions exist it is necessary to inform the public of the facts, in order that all may decline or return any imitation which may be sold to them. If it does not bear the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package, do not hesitate to return the article and to demand the return of your money, and in future go to one of the better class of druggists who will sell you what you wish and the best of everything in his line at reasonable prices.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES
Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10-cent package colors Silk, Wool and Cotton equally well, and is guaranteed to give perfect results. Ask dealer or we will send post paid at 10 cents a package. Write for free booklet how to dye, bleach and mix colors. **MONROE DRUG CO., Unionville, Missouri**

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles** of **Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY

BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

— AND SLAUGHTERERS OF —

CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND CALVES.

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— PACKERS OF THE —

GOLDEN GATE —AND— MONARCH BRANDS

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

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PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,

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Consignments of Stock Solicited.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY.